CT. 12,
1940

Liberty 5¢

HOW WILL THE NEGROES VOTE? by Walter White

HEN PACIFISTS ARE TRAITORS, by Rupert Hughes

HOW THE GESTAPO WORKS, by René Kraus

Pour GLENMORE *..you get more*

Yes, Gentlemen, I'll admit a quart is a quart and any man's 4-year-old whiskey can be bonded. But a pedigree alone won't make a thoroughbred out of a whiskey. Fine whiskey must have character and tradition. Down here, we're proud of Glenmore. For 68 uninterrupted years one family has dictated the character of a whiskey, making it the richest, smoothest, most distinctively flavored Bourbon out of Old Kentucky. If you want more quality, try Glenmore. It is not expensive — — but more price couldn't buy a better Bourbon.

FROM THE DISTILLERY WITH MORE THAN A MILLION BARRELS EXPERIENCE

STAND BY, AMERICA, FOR AMERICA'S STAND-OUT BUY

A big new Studebaker Champion in the lowest price field!

Distinctive new, luxury-laden Studebaker Commander and President!

Announcing 1941 Studebakers

RIDING the crest of Studebaker's spectacular 1940 success come these three dramatically distinctive, brand-new Studebakers for 1941 . . . a bigger, longer, lower, wider, roomier, finer new Studebaker Champion in the lowest price field—a glamorously beautiful new Studebaker Commander Six—a luxury-laden, impressive new Studebaker President Eight.

Raymond Loewy, designer of the smart interiors of the Boeing Stratoliners, styled these Studebakers in an advance torpedo mode. You have your choice of single-tone or contrasting-color Delux-tone exteriors and interiors.

These safe, sure-footed, easy handling new Studebakers are brilliant improvements upon the Champion, Commander and President that defeated all other cars in gas economy in the 1940 Gilmore-Yosemite Sweepstakes.

See them at your local Studebaker dealer's now. Low down payment. C.I.T. terms.

PRICES BEGIN AT $690

for a standard Champion coupe delivered at the factory

Illustrated: Champion Cruising Sedan $770; Commander Land Cruiser $1030; President Delux-tone Land Cruiser $1225 delivered at South Bend

AMERICA'S *FIRST* CHOICE FOR '41 • • • STUDEBAKER!

OCTOBER 12, 1940

Liberty

VOL. 17, NO. 41

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

WALTER LLOYD
ART EDITOR

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

THE NEW DEAL HAS SCUTTLED THE DEMOCRATIC SHIP

BERNARR MACFADDEN

Democracy and Americanism are synonymous terms. Previous to the advent of the New Deal, the Democratic Party stood for the principles and ideals that we have learned to love under the name of Americanism. A few years ago we held our heads high. We were God's chosen people. We had found the path to wealth and luxury. We were giving the average individual a standard of living never before attained throughout the entire history of the world.

Then along came the New Deal, elected on the Democratic ticket. And we will fully agree that the leaders of this new, fantastic system of government were conscientiously desirous of remedying the inequalities of our system. But impractical and inexperienced idealists are dangerous leaders. Their views are liable to be warped by snap judgment.

The Brain Trust, so called, which was entrusted with the plans of the New Deal was composed mostly of college-bred, inexperienced theorists, and they proceeded to make various changes in the Democratic Party. The principles created by Thomas Jefferson and the wise leaders of his time were cast aside. The untried theories of the schoolroom were substituted. Alexander Hamilton, who advocated the centralization of all governmental powers in Washington, should have been their leader.

Business was the cause of the depression, so the Brain Trusters told us, and every possible effort was made to smear business enterprises of all kinds with ridicule and dishonesty. Successful men were branded as mostly crooks.

Throughout our history, previous to the New Deal, the Democratic Party was the stanch supporter of the masses . . . the common people. It stood for the maintenance of liberties so clearly presented to us by our Constitution. It favored the protection of the poor and the downtrodden. There were no previous outstanding efforts at any time in our history to favor one group against another. It was definitely against the encouragement of hatred between capital and labor, or between social or religious bodies.

But when the plans of the Brain Trust began to operate, a move toward a totalitarian government was plainly evident. Centralized control was the ideal back of the new government, and step by step dictatorial powers were secured by the President.

Labor has been supporting the Democratic Party. Their leaders have been in favor of much of the New Deal legislation, and favoritism was used by the New Deal to win the support of labor.

Stalin, Hitler, and Mussolini adopted the same procedure in the beginning of their campaign to obtain dictatorial powers.

But when their goal was reached . . . when the power they sought was in their hands . . . labor unions were no more.

Labor has supported the Wagner Act with enthusiasm, apparently failing to realize that this legislation can ultimately put a collar around the neck of labor as well as capital, and that the only change necessary to regiment labor is the appointment of a commission that favors capital.

The New Deal has sold out the Democratic Party. It has double-crossed the voters who favored Americanism. It has become a traitor to Jeffersonian Democracy and the voters who supported it in 1932.

And today we have a dictator in the White House. Did the President consult Congress when he decided to trade fifty of our destroyers for British military bases? The answer definitely proves that the New Deal is just another name for Hitlerism. The destroyers should have been furnished six months earlier, with the consent of Congress. If we want to join the list of totalitarian governments . . . if we want to put a Stalin, a Mussolini, or a Hitler in power in Washington . . . be sure to vote for the New Deal candidates.

At the top of the New Deal ticket in this campaign you will find the name of the Democratic Party. But remember that the Democratic Party has been sold out, bag and baggage . . . that the principles which it supported in previous years have been cast aside; and if you are in favor of Americanism, in favor of holding on to the Constitutional principles that have made us a great and a wealthy nation, in this campaign you will have to vote for Wendell Willkie.

Bernarr Macfadden

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TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 62

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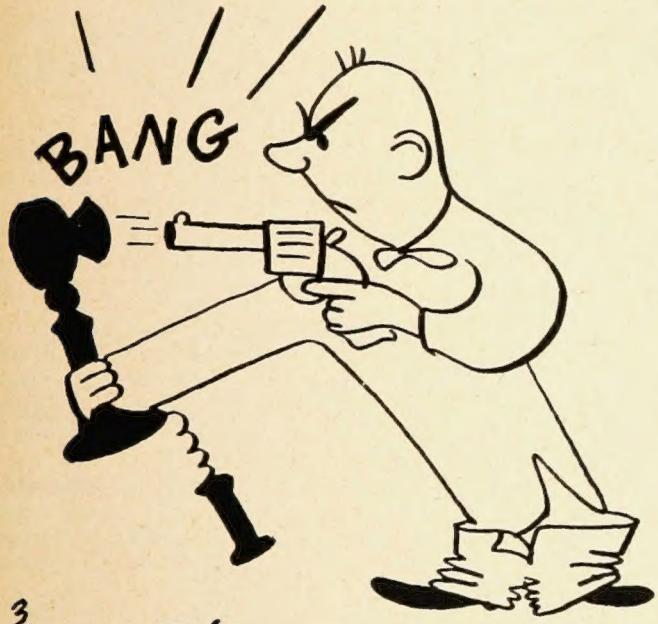
"ARE YOU THE SALESMAN WHO TOLD ME ALL SLIDE FASTENERS ARE ALIKE?"

1.

"WHY, YES!"

2.



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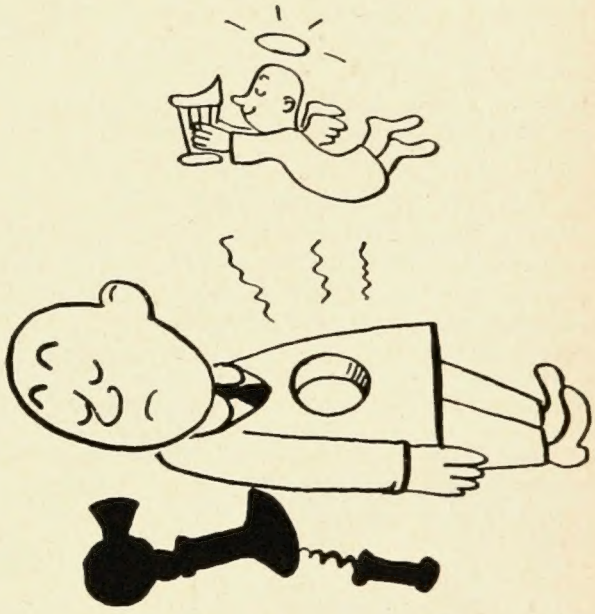

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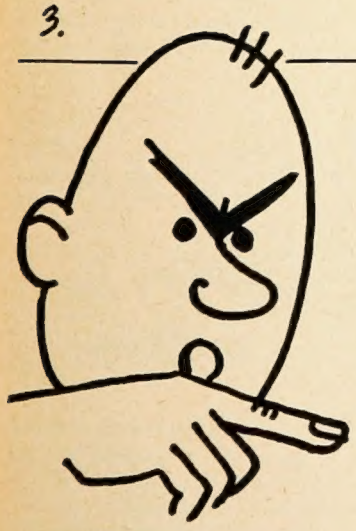


"GENTLEMEN, LET ME TELL YOU HOW TO KEEP OUT OF A MESS LIKE THIS: JUST REMEMBER WHAT THOUSANDS OF MEN REPORTED WHEN QUESTIONED BY 43 LEADING STORES. **80%** OF THOSE ANSWERING SAID THERE ARE FAULTY SLIDE FASTENERS ON THE MARKET. THEN — **BY A MAJORITY OF 70 TO 1*** — THEY SAID THEY PREFERRED 'TALON' OVER ANY OTHER SLIDE FASTENER. **THAT'S HOW TO KEEP OUT OF TROUBLE!**

ALWAYS BE SURE THE SLIDE FASTENER IS MARKED 'TALON'—AND YOU'LL HAVE SMOOTH GOING—NO MATTER HOW LONG YOU WEAR THE PANTS!"

TALON, INC., MEADVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA
Reg.U.S.Pat.Off.

Remember the offensive gaps and bulges caused by the 5 old-fashioned fastenings?

Now the Talon fastener gives neatness, convenience—and locks at the top for security.

**Based on the thousands of men who expressed a brand preference*

"TALON"—THE DEPENDABLE SLIDE FASTENER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

She gave me bride ideas!

because she's such a swell housekeeper... keeps things spic and span and free from dust with Kleenex, the no-scratch tissue.

(from a letter by D. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.)

"Tell me Another" *says* KLEENEX* *and win* $5.00

for every "Kleenex True Confession" published. Mail to KLEENEX at 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

I KEEP THE CONVERSATION CLEAN!

BY PUTTING A KLEENEX OVER THE MOUTHPIECE WHEN I TALK ON THE PUBLIC TELEPHONE... IT HELPS ME AVOID CATCHING GERMS WHILE I'M CATCHING MY MAN!

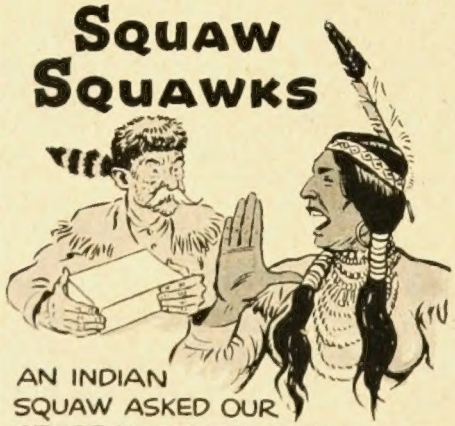
(from a letter by B. B., Chicago, Ill.)

I WAS A SCREWDRIVER!

AND WEAVING UP THE ROAD WITH A FOGGY WINDSHIELD WAS MY SPECIALTY... BUT NOW I ALWAYS KEEP KLEENEX IN MY CAR, AND I CAN WIPE MY WINDSHIELD SPIFFY IN A JIFFY.

(from a letter by H. D., Eau Claire, Wis.)

SQUAW SQUAWKS



AN INDIAN SQUAW ASKED OUR GENERAL STORE CLERK FOR KLEENEX... WHEN HE TRIED TO SUBSTITUTE ANOTHER BRAND SHE SAID, "UGH, NO GOOD! WANTUM KLEENEX IN POP-UM-UP BOX!"

(from a letter by R. P., Chapleau, Ont.)

Don't put a Cold in your Pocket... Use Kleenex

KLEENEX* DISPOSABLE TISSUES (*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

CHIP IN? NO, THANKS!

SPRINGFIELD, MO.—It is kind of Mr. Macfadden to want to "chip in and help" my campaign fund and to attempt to raise funds for my campaign from others. However, I am not willing to accept subscriptions to my campaign fund.

As I wrote in a former letter: "It is possible that I could raise quite a campaign fund if I were willing to place myself under obligation to subscribers, which I am not."

I have declined a number of subscriptions, one of them for $1,000.

Again thanks.—*Ewing Y. Mitchell.*

[Mr. Mitchell, who comes of a distinguished family, was an unsuccessful candidate for the Republican nomination for United States senator from Missouri. Surely such a man would have deserved to win!—VOX POP EDITOR.]

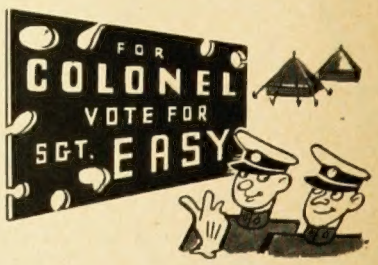
¶ "It's a well known fact that a right good wife is sometimes worth a pig in some of the South Sea Islands," writes H. E. Wright of Seattle, Washington; "and she often attains the value of five goats in Africa."

PETTICOAT POLITICS

QUANTICO, VA.—Ima Rebel's letter concerning the service petticoat politics, etc. (August 17 Vox Pop) was most amusing.

She derides petticoat meddling, and winds up her letter with a plan (having men vote on the promotion of officers) that is as full of holes as Swiss cheese!

The men would favor and vote for the officer that was most lax and easiest



going. Surely if Ima Rebel has been around the service eight years she knows that.—*Ann Howe!*

¶ "Hooray for Ima Rebel!" shouts Ex-Marine Sergeant of Akron, Ohio. "She aired something that really needs airing before the American public. Her letter which appeared in August 17 Vox Pop should be read before Congress."

AFTER ALL, IT'S LEAP YEAR

NEW KENSINGTON, PA.—"Heeding nothing but his instinct, he leaps at me." Cave-man stuff, what? Magda Fontanges' story, My Love Affair with Mussolini (August 10-24 Liberty), reads like a schoolgirl's diary. She reacts to the emotion of love like a young girl with her first crush.

All we need now is for some one to disclose how Hitler acts while in the

throes of the grande passion. But, for heaven's sake, who cares how a dictator makes love?—*Alma Eckard.*

¶ **"Congratulations on dropping the word blitzkrieg from Lightning in the Night," writes Penzance of Woods Hole, Massachusetts. "A pox on that word!"**

LOOKING THROUGH WHAT?

MERIDIAN, MISS.—We would like very much to know if the girl on the cover of August 17 Liberty is looking through panes of glass, and, if so, what is holding the panes in place? Due to the fact that we are interested in building, we are anxious to know how glass can be held in place without using molding on the framework.

We have decided it is raining in sheets and she is looking through latticework in an arbor.—*The Office Force of the McDonald Real Estate Agency.*

[Here's the answer of Kenneth Thompson, the artist who did the cover: "Could you keep your mind on a window with a model like that in front of you? I couldn't. You're welcome, however, to inspect the steel casement windows in my studio."—VOX POP EDITOR.]

¶ **And just listen to Nickie Nayme of Van Buren, Arkansas: "Kenneth Thompson's girl in the window cover has given me the 'wows.' I have to go back to it every fifteen minutes to see if those raindrops on the window are still there. I keep waiting for them to drip off. It's things like that that drive us Americans nuts. Those raindrops are perfect."**

(Continued on page 8)

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
I UNDERSTAND THIS IS THE LARGEST GROUP OF ANCIENT RUINS IN THE U.S.
THIS IS THE SUN TEMPLE, JUDGE, WHERE PREHISTORIC INDIANS WORSHIPPED THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO
MESA VERDE NATIONAL PARK
GOODNESS, WHAT'S HAPPENED TO DAD?
GOSH! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY—HE'S GOT THE ONLY TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT

THAT P.A. AROMA TELLS ME HE'S IN THIS PART OF THE RUINS
OH, THERE YOU ARE, DAD — YOU RASCAL!
WHEN A FELLOW GETS TO COUNT ON A REAL COOL-BURNING SMOKE, HE LIKES TO KEEP IN CLOSE TOUCH WITH P.A.
I DON'T BLAME YOU— I WOULDN'T WANT TO MISS A SINGLE PIPEFUL OF THE TOBACCO THAT KEEPS THE CHEER IN PIPE-SMOKING!

IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, *PRINCE ALBERT* BURNED

86 DEGREES COOLER

THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED— *COOLEST OF ALL!*

LOOK AT THIS ANCIENT POTTERY PIPE-HEAD I PICKED UP. IT SURE LOOKS LIKE A HOT BURNER!
YES—BUT I'LL BET EVEN THAT OLD FIRE-BOX WOULD SMOKE COOL WITH A LOAD OF SMOOTH, MELLOW P.A.

MODERNIZE WITH
Milder Smoking
PRINCE ALBERT BRINGS ME UP TO DATE ON THE RICH JOYS OF CHOICE TOBACCO PLUS TONGUE COMFORT —SMOOTH, MELLOW
THE MODERN WAY TO EASY PACKING, EVEN DRAWING, BETTER CAKING, AND A DRIER BOWL— PRINCE ALBERT
P.A. IS THE LAST WORD FOR FAST, STREAM-LINED ROLLED SMOKES, TOO—IT'S CRIMP CUT—THE 'MAKIN'S' SMOKERS' DELIGHT
50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy tin of Prince Albert
Copr., 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JCY SMOKE

Mrs. B--- Solves a Tough Problem

Don't know what I'm going to do with Jimmy! He needs a laxative badly, but he yells when I try to give him one.

Mrs. Jones, next door, suggested Ex-Lax for Jimmy. Gave him some tonight and he loved it. Said it tasted just like swell chocolate!

Jimmy's like a new boy today! Ex-Lax worked fine for him and he wasn't upset the way he usually is after taking a laxative. Wonderful - that Ex-Lax!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle!* No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢

"Why Not Enlist Us?" Asks a Convict

MICHIGAN CITY, IND.—The United States doesn't seem to be any too secure at this writing, and I, a convict, write this in all sincerity. There are one hundred and fifty thousand, more or less, able-bodied men in prison. Fifty per cent of them have had military training and all are willing to go to war for our United States, and no favors asked. They are men who would gladly give up their lives if it meant freedom for our country. Sure, they're convicted criminals. But does that have anything to do with their patriotic feeling? I've talked with hundreds of men and their answers are all alike. "If the United States goes to war, we want to go right to the front. We'd show them whether we could take it or not!" That is the answer. . . . *But . . .*

Is society going to throw up her arms and say, "No son of mine is going to fight in an army that enlists convicts," as people did in the last war? Is that a good viewpoint to take at a time when the help of every able-bodied man is needed? Or is that attitude merely a traditional prejudice? I think this last question hits the nail on the head.

Most of us realize our mistakes and are ready and willing to do all we can to right those mistakes. There are hundreds under thirty years of age who, if given the opportunity, would jump at the chance of making good. As I said previously, quite a few of us have had military training. I, for instance, served with the United States Navy. It seems to me that the government would be killing more than one bird with one stone if it accepted these men as a military unit. No pun intended. The government would be giving these men a chance to make good in a really worth-while cause, besides adding an efficient force to the present army and navy.

This has not been written to get us sympathy, but to show Uncle Sam how we stand.

Let us fervently hope that there will be no war to fight, but if there is one, we want to do our part, and will go over the top with a smile of determination to show that even a convict can have the interest of the country at heart beneath the so-called hard-boiled exterior.—*Charles L. Lindsey.*

STAY HERE ONE WEEK

NILES, MICH.—August 24 Liberty (pretty rotten!) contains:

1. Lightning in the Night.... 6 pp.
2. Germany's Grip on America 3 "
3. England Before the Great Blow ..... 4 "
4. Hitler's Frankenstein..... 1 "
5. My Love Affair with Mussolini ..... 4 "

Out of fifty-eight pages, one third is war, love affairs, and what Germany is going to do to America.

We live in America. Why don't you stay here and just one week of each month send us a magazine without some of Hitler's or Mussolini's sex life?—*Mrs. C. Moon.*

STEADY, GLADYS!

MUSKEGON, MICH.—If money can be spent like water to fatten and train our youth for slaughter, why couldn't it have been done in peacetime, instead of starving them mentally, morally, and physically, as has been done in the past five years?—*Gladys Provancha.*

¶ **"Ask your puzzle-minded readers what common English word has three double letters following each other," writes Lynn Burt of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.**

ALL ABOARD FOR WRANGLE!

BROWNSVILLE, TEX.—I could be wrong in this surmise—I dare say I am—but when Mr. Hershfield's two trains collide, albeit figuratively, in his Joke and Gag Quiz (August 17 Liberty), the train from the New York station should still be nearer New York—nearer by several car lengths—than the train from the Chicago station.

No? Yes?—"*Penn.*"

"Another dishwasher salesman was here today! Some one must be sending my name in!"

WYOMING IS PROUD OF HIM

MIDWEST, WYO.—I used to wonder why you didn't use more letters from Wyoming. Now I know! It takes some one like J. Christy, who popped in August 10 Vox Pop. Want to guess why it took some one like J. C. to notice the defects in your illustration? Mr. J. Christy (MacManus is the other name) is an optometrist, and he also writes a poem every day. We out here in the wide-open spaces are proud as Punch of him—and now that you've used several of his contributions, we like Liberty even better than we did before!—*Edith M. Thompson.*

BISCUITS IN MUFFIN TINS

BUFFALO, N. Y.—Ruth E. Riley pines to know more about Dora Belle Lee's biscuits (August 3 Vox Pop), so here 'tis.

The sight of a rolling pin and a muffin tin sitting side by side so "upsot" her makin's as they were being prepared for the oven that it required the use of both the rolling pin and the muffin tin to keep her dough from turning out to be nothing but little soda crackers.

Incidentally, biscuits—good ones, too

—have been seen coming out of the oven in muffin tins even in the Ozarks. —*Aunt Prue.*

THEY ALWAYS BUY TWO

AMITYVILLE, N. Y.—May I add my note of enthusiastic praise for Liberty? It is my favorite publication. My husband and I await its weekly arrival with impatience. I wish it were issued daily. We always buy two copies, as our only time for reading is at night and each is too eager to let the other have it first. Your short stories are among the best ever and your articles always just what the reader wants to know.

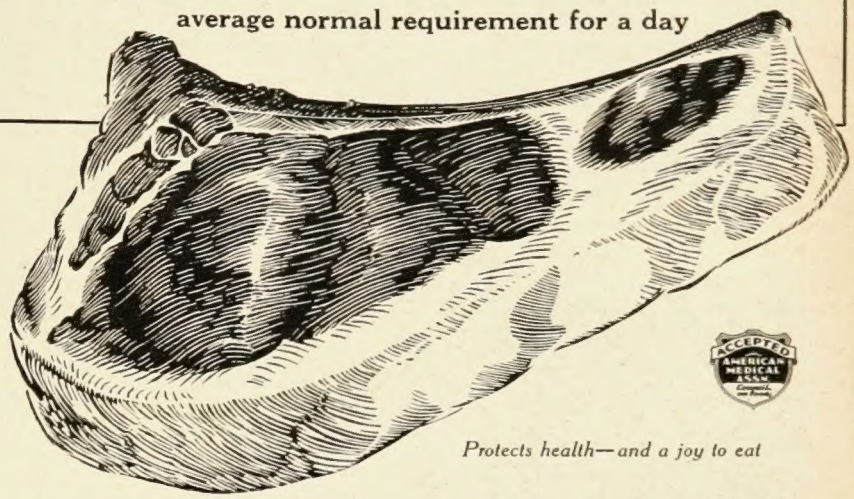
Mr. Macfadden's own editorial is the most impressive of all. He must truly be a great, a wonderful man.—*Louise Wellwood Wagner.*

PRINT SOME "BRICKS"

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—The pages of Vox Pop have been replete with letters lauding Bernarr Macfadden, but few that have disagreed with him. For variety, print some "bricks" about him.—*Edwin Warner.*

Recent Findings About Pork

One pork chop contains enough "thiamine" to meet average normal requirement for a day



Protects health—and a joy to eat

THE PORK which we have always relished now takes new rank as a healthful food.

Dr. C. A. Elvehjem, professor of agricultural chemistry at the University of Wisconsin, as the result of his extensive vitamin research, finds that lean pork is a rich natural source of what is now known as the Vitamin B group.

An important member of this vitamin "family" is Vitamin B-1 (thiamine) which physicians and nutritionists recognize as necessary for growth, for a healthy appetite, for protection against certain conditions and nervous disorders.

According to scientific assays by Dr. Elvehjem, published in the *Journal of Nutrition*, ***"one pork chop, even after thorough frying, may supply up to 325 International Units, which is about equal to entire daily requirement for Vitamin B-1 of the normal adult."***

The same applies to an equal quantity of lean roast pork, or ham, fresh or smoked.

Pork and various other meats are also rich in riboflavin (Vitamin B-2 or G) which is necessary for normal nutrition.

The same study shows that meat as a whole is an important source of the pellagra-preventive factor, another member of the Vitamin B group. This discovery may well lead to the complete eradication of pellagra, a condition prevalent in certain sections, and many borderline cases which exist throughout the country. AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE, Chicago.

Meals of crisp pork sausage
At this time of year,
Make a hungry husband
Sit right down and cheer.

Wake up and eat—

One of the best alarm clocks in the world: pure pork sausage, sputtering on the fire.

One of the good foods for you, too.

For pure pork sausage is made of tender pork, which contains Vitamin B-1 (thiamine) as well as other members of the all-important Vitamin B group.

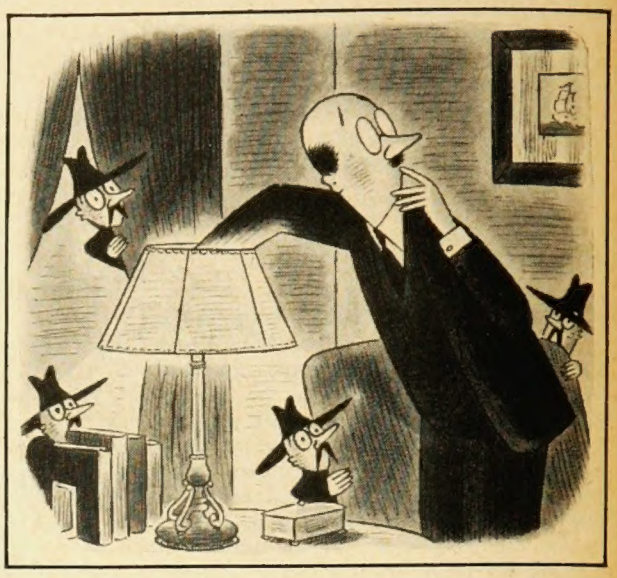
Pure pork sausage is rich in proteins to build you up, and it's full of flavor to pep you up. It's so digestible and so easy to cook.

Top o' the morning to you with—

Pure pork sausage patties and applesauce.

Pure pork sausage links and waffles, pancakes, or corn meal mush with hot spiced orange slices.

If your husband persists in robbing one light socket to fill another, call a carpenter. At moderate cost he can build you a set of portable stocks to harmonize with the living room furniture . . .



How to cure a BULBSNATCHER

If that's too drastic you can hire a corps of midget detectives to report on every bulbsnatching move the man makes.

R. TAYLOR
"Need Bulbs?"
NEW REDUCED PRICES
7½, 15 and 25 watt, now only ..... 10¢
40, 50 and 60 watt, were 15¢, now .. 13¢
75 and 100 watt, already down to .. 15¢
150 watt silvered bowl, was 65¢, now 45¢
150 watt, already down to ..... 20¢
100-200-300 watt, already down to .. 60¢
Buy the Right Sizes of these Brighter

But the easiest way, and perhaps the best, is just to lead him gently down to the corner store. Show him how much G-E MAZDA lamp prices have been reduced. Point out that you'll all be happier and the kids will side-step eyestrain, with better light. See how little it costs to lay in a supply of the brightest and best bulbs G-E ever made!

G-E MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Made to stay brighter longer

Enjoy the G-E MAZDA Lamp "Hour of Charm", Sundays 10 P. M., E. S. T.—NBC Red Network

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

THE FIRE DEPARTMENT PRESENTS A BILL

READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

Carelessness is a crime! Now at last the U. S. A. is doing something about it

THERE was an old woman in our neighborhood, years ago, who accidentally set her house afire. One of her children was burned to death. Another broke a leg jumping out of a window. The house was destroyed. A fire-engine company truck, turning a blind corner, collided with a van, and several firemen were hurt.

Everybody was sorry for the woman. That is, everybody but the battalion chief of the fire department.

"If I had my way," he said, "I'd lock that woman up in jail and keep her there for the rest of her natural life. And I'd make her pay the city, too—for the time we spent putting out the fire, and for the hospital bills of the men who were hurt. There's no excuse for carelessness. It's as big a crime as murder."

We thought that smoke-eater was a pretty brutal specimen. But now a lot of us are beginning to think he was right. There have been too many fires caused by carelessness, by ignorance, or by laziness.

The National Fire Protection Association, with headquarters in Boston, has done much to spread the idea of penalizing carelessness. And in a number of localities in this country laws have been passed through which the individual responsible for a fire may be not only fined and sent to jail but forced to pay for the expense of putting out the fire.

"No civilized community should expect its firemen to risk their lives in fighting fires easily preventable," says an editorial in one of the association's many pamphlets. "Nothing will reduce the number of fire alarms so radically as the fixing of personal responsibility therefor. A man who has a preventable fire picks the pockets of his neighbors either through the medium of fire insurance or an unjustified use of the public fire department which all must support. Fire departments are not maintained to protect a man from the results of his negligence, and when he calls upon the city in any such case he should be made to pay for the service."

The association has compiled a list of court decisions which shows the changing attitude toward carelessness.

A young man lit a cigarette on a ranch near Los Angeles—ignoring signs that said smoking was prohibited—and threw the match into some brush. It started a forest fire that burned for days. Nobody was sorry for the young man, though he lost all his possessions in the blaze. He was jailed for four months.

A man went to sleep in a New York roominghouse with a lighted cigarette in his hand. He burned down the house, and was badly injured himself. But nobody sympathized with him. He was held on a charge of manslaughter. Three women, a man, and a baby died in the flames.

In Cincinnati the fire department inspected the premises of one Jacob Brand, and handed him a written order demanding the removal of rubbish and compliance with a number of other fire-prevention ordinances. He forgot to comply with the order, or neglected to. There was quite a fire in his place. The damage was considerable, and the insurance not quite adequate to cover it. But none of his neighbors was sorry for him. And the firemen were absolutely flinty. They brought Mr. Brand into court for failure to obey the orders he had received from the department. The judge fined him $600.

But that wasn't all.

Mr. Brand had scarcely paid his fine when he was dunned by the city for $650. It seems the city had sent eight companies and two marshals to Mr. Brand's place, and they had worked an hour. The expense for the fire companies amounted to $75 an hour. The expense for the marshals came to $50 an hour.

Before the case went to the jury, the judge ruled that the salaries of the firemen should be deducted from the total, inasmuch as the city would have had to bear this expense whether there was a fire or not. So the jury took off $150 for salaries, and Mr. Brand paid the city $500.

Some years ago a spark from a locomotive owned and run by a lumber company set fire to a patch of woods owned by the United States Forest Service. The government brought suit, stating that the damage amounted to $41,575.80. What's more, it collected that amount.

"The subject of individual liability for fires due to carelessness or neglect has not been exploited by the press," says Percy Bugbee, general manager of the association. "It seems to me it should be, especially at this time, when all over America communities big and little are observing 'National Fire Protection' week (October 8-14). There is too much carelessness in the United States, and too little thought as to the consequences."

THE END

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

WHEN PACIFISTS ARE Traitors

OUR country seems to be showing at last the fine influence of the peace-at-any-pricers. Not long ago a seven-year-old boy in Los Angeles got caught in a scrimmage around a school pump and acquired a black eye. Did he go after the boy that gave it to him and hand him a pair of lovelies in return? No. He is none of your old-fashioned little savages. He sued the School Board for $2,000 as "punitive damages" because the Board had "no adequate supervision to prevent young boys from fighting and hurting one another."

This ties up perfectly with recent enthusiastic mass meetings in Los Angeles and elsewhere in which throngs of young men of draft age, together with throngs of embattled mothers, pledged that the lads would never go to war and their mothers would never permit them to go in any circumstances.

As soon as such little boys and young men of draft age and their mothers have all perfected their league against self-defense, our nation will no longer be disgraced by any barbaric pride in the willingness, the readiness, indeed the eagerness of its young men to fight for their liberty at the first sign of menace to it.

Pacifism is not so new as some would seem to think. It flourished before and during and after our Revolutionary War. In 1776 many of those who opposed the Declaration of Independence alleged "religious principles" as their excuse; but one stated that he would not sign "for fear it would fetch him into a scrape," and another for the reason "he don't choose to fight for liberty and never will."

That has the genuine 1940 ring. But then the vast majority of our forefathers stayed out of the Revolution and did their utmost to embarrass Washington, who pleaded constantly for universal service.

After the Revolution the pacifists came back to power, as always after every one of our wars. In spite of our perilous state they succeeded in reducing our national army to a total of sixty soldiers, who were really only janitors at various forts. They kept our forefathers in such perfect helplessness that the War of 1812, on land, was one long series of disgraces and disasters. Later there were scandalous doings in our Mexican War against our littlest neighbor. Half a century later the Spanish-American War found us so ill prepared that our machinery broke down utterly. But fortunately Spain's defenses collapsed before ours could.

When the World War dragged us into its vortex it took us a year to get our first soldiers overseas. We never did get any appreciable matériel across. After that conflict, as always, the soldiers vowed that we should never again be caught unready, but again the pacifists wore down our wisdom. They hailed expensive disarmament conferences as solutions. In the early and middle '30s they went into competitive orgies. One among the multitude of organizations was the Peace Patriots. They demanded not only exemption from all military service but universal total disarmament, an international agreement compelling arbitration, abandonment of military training, and all other preparation for war, including even the repeal of the Espionage Act, and the complete prohibition of the manufacture and sale of munitions. They did not even attempt to explain how on earth an unarmed and untrained nation could compel armed and trained nations to submit to arbitration.

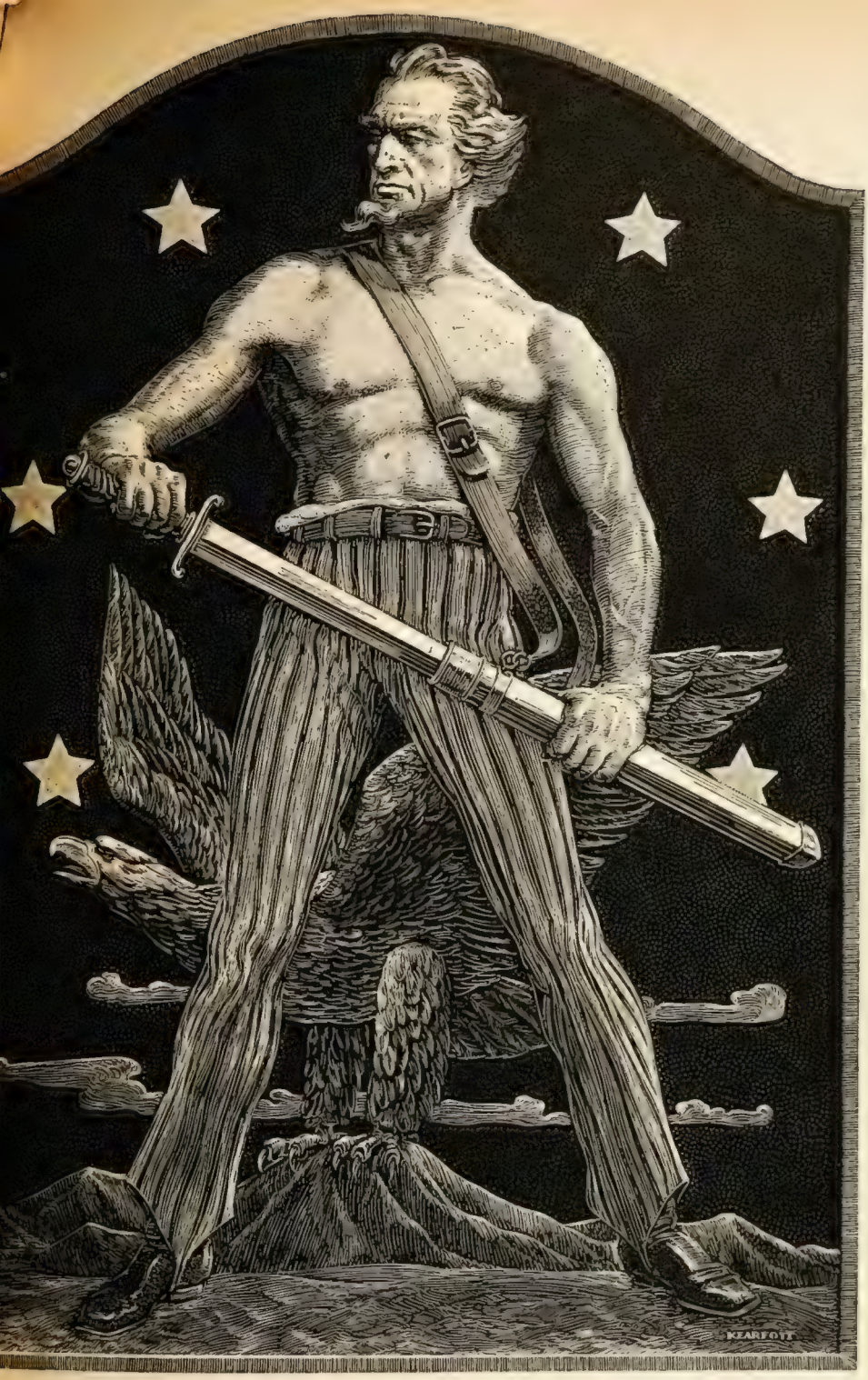
In July, 1935, the National Education Association held a convention in Denver and passed almost unanimously a strong resolution opposing military training in the public schools. The convention was addressed in fiery terms by Senator Gerald P. Nye and Congressman Paul J. Kvale, who charged that wars are always started by munitions makers and waged for their exclusive benefit. Such denunciators have never ceased to howl, though the country has been found almost utterly lacking in munitions makers.

The New York annual conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1935 listened to a report protesting not only against military training in schools and colleges, and the government war budget, but also against the naval maneuvers in the Pacific. The resolution was defeated 86-73, but a compromise resolution condemning war was unanimously passed. In 1940 the same zealots made another attempt to condemn all defense measures.

At Colorado Springs in June, 1935, 2,000 Northern Baptists ended their convention with a sharp criticism of the navy for its maneuvers in Pacific waters. They also urged pressure on state legislatures for anti-military legislation. They expressed delight because a large number of colleges had abolished compulsory military training and they asked for a $5,000 fund to be used in preventing the government from voting money to extend R. O. T. C. training.

In that same fruitful year a Presbyterian church in Ohio reported that "since war is unchristian, futile and suicidal, we would renounce the whole war system. We believe that the real Christian position can never sanction participation in any war . . . nor the giving of moral or financial support to any war."

About the same time a Lutheran church denounced all "militaristic set-up . . . such as R. O. T. C. organizations."



A startling, eye-opening survey of things in our past that warn us of our gravest peril to peace

BY RUPERT HUGHES

At this peak of pacifism many of the pacifistic journals grew hysterical over toy soldiers for children. They even deplored the celebration of Memorial Day. Incredible as it sounds, they shouted that laying flowers on the graves of our dead heroes was a bit of savagery!

In 1935 the secretary of the Greater New York Federation of Churches urged several hundred young men and women to refuse to bear arms in any future war. Twenty or twenty-five thousand clergymen took solemn vows never to serve even as chaplains or give any sanction whatsoever to any war. Thousands of young men signed the most binding pledges never to serve in any future conflict, even if drafted.

This warring on war swept through many nations besides our own. In England there was a surging billow of enthusiasm, and thousands of young men swore never to go to war against anybody.

Only last year the billboards of our nation bloomed with another of the hardy perennial advertisements of the end of war; and posters of the Moral Rearmament Movement made glad the heart. This was an offspring of the "Oxford Group." In his fine endeavor to persuade America that the sure cure for war is brotherly love, Dr. Buchman had the help of a fine young English tennis champion. I wonder what racket Bunny Austin is wielding now?

The Oxford Group had immense success in many of the neutral countries, and is credited with one of its greatest triumphs in Norway, where there was practically no preparation for war. The ease with which Norway was overrun was—doubtless—due to the fact that many Germans were ardent advocates of the Oxford Group. Lord Raglan, the great English scientist, states that the Nazi Himmler was a fervent disciple of the Oxford Group. As the head of that angelic brotherhood, the Gestapo, he stands as a shining example of how effective the gospel of brotherly love can be when taken over by a practical man.

It would be perfectly futile for me to insist that I am not slandering brotherly love or peace, or praising war. I am in love with love, and you will never get a good word for war out of me. I almost agree with the platitude that "there was never a good war or a bad peace." But I make some mental reservations, such as that our Revolutionary War did the world a power of good; and that some peaces have been even worse than the worst war could be.

My real point of departure from the pacifists is in the means they take to ensure peace. After a certain point, pacifism is the death of peace; it is an invitation to a war in which the pacifists' country is pretty sure to lose both its liberty and the right to preach pacifism.

England owes her present desperate plight to the pacifists, who shouted down preparedness from 1935 on. Our own country has been forced to vote untold billions to cover its military nakedness. Yet the pacifists still hurl denunciations at the people who sent "our boys" to Europe in the last war to die on foreign soil, and still shriek that we must not do it again—though there is no place to send them, even if anybody wanted to.

Now, I am one of those who believe that it was well that we sent our boys abroad to fight that last war on foreign soil. I believe that it was better for the world that the Kaiser should have been defeated than that he should have crushed England,

France, and the Italy that was then a constitutional monarchy. I believe that we should have come next. It does not make me happy to imagine Hitler succeeding where the Kaiser failed. I am one of those who think it infamous to speak without pride of those sacred acres in France where our heroic dead lie aligned under their crosses. It fills me with shame that they are now in German possession.

From time immemorial mothers have—naturally—hated to see their children led to slaughter. The agony of a mother, a wife, or a daughter when her soldier marches away has always been heartbreaking. Yet I have seen mothers, wives, and daughters who were not altogether without heartache when other soldiers marched away and their own menfolk stayed at home.

FATHERS' hearts can ache and break, too. There is a thing called father love that drives the average man to wonderful self-sacrifice and toil and daily heroism that his son or sons may be protected and helped onward and upward. And it is not lack of love that makes a father want his son to be brave.

One appalling fallacy that vitiates the whole movement to keep our sons out of war, come what may, is the implied assumption that keeping them out of it will keep them out of danger of death. This idea needs only to be worded to refute itself, yet it is really at the back of all these appeals to mother love and self-love. We forget that peace is almost as fatal as war; that whether you are a soldier or a hypochondriac you will die some day, and no one knows when. Last year in this country a million and a half persons died. Life is an eternal everyday adventure, shelter ourselves as we may.

Of all the dangers this country is threatened with, militarism is the least. If every boy and every girl were taught the rudiments of soldiery, military hygiene, and discipline, the mental and physical health of our nation would be vastly improved. We should have available an army of millions on millions, and be able to exert a tremendous power for righteousness. And we should not be a mite the bloodthirstier or the more belligerent for it.

All over the nation there are groups of youth pledging themselves to take up arms in defense of the country only in the case of invasion —when, of course, it is ridiculously too late. I am not questioning nor belittling their sincerity. They show much courage of a sort in their open pledge. But the next question, and a proper one, is: What preparations are they making for that defense? What weapons will they use? Where will they find them? And would they know how to use them? In a word, what are they doing to be prepared?

When I was a boy in a Midwestern town I never went down Main Street but I saw inside a shop window a picture that hung there for years. It was a life-size reproduction of Chappel's once famous painting, Decatur's Struggle with the Algerians.

It shows our young naval hero, Stephen Decatur, lying on the deck of a pirate ship. He has already broken his sword on the pike of a huge Barbary chief, then leaped on the man and wrestled him to the deck. But the pirate has rolled him over and drawn a dagger. Decatur has whipped out his pistol and is shooting the pirate dead. (As a matter of fact, he fired through his pocket.) Yet, even as Decatur is saving himself from the chief, another pirate is bringing down on his head a scimitar. But a young sailor thrusts his body between the pirate and Decatur and takes the frightful wound. He saves his commander's life at the cost of his own arm.

After that Decatur rose, killed the second pirate, and captured the ship. That young man was Daniel Frasier, though Reuben James is usually given the credit. But there was credit enough for all.

That was the kind of example my youth was brought up on. It did not make heroes or even militarists of us all; but it did offer an ideal.

This exploit of Decatur is an illustration of the idiocy of protecting a country only after an invasion. The Barbary pirates had preyed for centuries on merchant ships in the Mediterranean and had often sailed out into the Atlantic to commit Hitlerian atrocities. As our little colonies grew, their commerce dared all the seas, and our sailors began to fall into the hands of these pirates.

Pacifism ruled our people so completely that as soon as the Revolution was over the army was disbanded and the navy was abandoned. In the first year of Washington's Presidency two American merchant ships were taken by the Algerians and the Dey offered to exchange the twenty-one prisoners at so much per head. To this he added an 11-per-cent tax, making a total of about $50,000. Meanwhile the prisoners were treated with hideous cruelty.

OUR country was poor and could offer only $200 a captive. The offer was sneered at and the business of butchery and captivity went on until in 1792 there were 119 American prisoners in Algiers. It was two years later before Washington could persuade Congress to vote the money for six ships.

By now the Dey was demanding not only two million dollars in cash but also two warships, big annual stores, and biennial gifts of money.

Think of these things, you pacifists who stand up in meeting and advocate defenselessness!

Well, those American citizens were finally ransomed for $642,500 and a pledge of $20,000 worth of naval stores every year. In 1800, after having paid two million dollars in tribute, we sent a frigate called the George Washington to carry that year's annual fee. The Dey forced Captain Bainbridge and his officers to carry to the Sultan at Constantinople a shipload of 200 human gifts. Bainbridge dared not refuse.

Meanwhile Tunis and Tripoli were also preying on American ships. The Bey of Tunis demanded of us not only enormous cash but a multitude of extras.

In 1803 we grew desperate enough to send our warship Philadelphia to make reprisals on Tripolitan vessels. But she ran aground and was captured. Her officers and men were added to the slaves. Later we paid $60,000 for their release. There followed a period of utter submissiveness on our part. Now and then Decatur and other young naval heroes saved our name from utter ignominy by daring exploits, such as the burning of the Philadelphia in the harbor.

WE were so weak that we paid tribute every year till after the War of 1812, when we finally sent Stephen Decatur to answer the pirates with the one thing they could understand. He took a fleet with him and dealt them such blows that the Dey of Algiers was humbled. Tunis and Tripoli were also cowed, and our flag was respected at last.

American pride ate enough dirt and shed enough blood in those days to prove that pacifism is suicide as well as murder. But people forget those scarlet and muddy pages of our history. And today it is possible for American young men, and for American mothers, to stand up in meeting and scream against the protection of our commerce, our dignity, our rights, our liberties, our very lives, at a distance from our borders.

The worst of it is that, while the pacifists may quail before foreigners, they bully the local politicians, slander the patriots as militarists, and keep us from being ready not only in matériel but in spirit.

France was reduced from the first rank in aviation to a position of complete inferiority by the rule of its all-powerful labor unions. The new French government has put an end to the forty-hour week. Even Russia has returned to long hours. But in our appalling situation our own labor unions have announced that they will not surrender any of their gains in pay and hours, though our airplane situation is one of pauperdom.

Of all the times in our history this is one when we must keep alert; be ready for the worst and go forth to crush it before it reaches us. Else our labor unions will lose their right to exist, our young men will lose all they hold dear, and these organized mothers will lose the right they abuse—the right to speak freely.

They can call us jingoes, hirelings of the munitions makers, or what they will; but it is time for our young men to be flocking to the armories and the training ships.

My ears are weary of the shouts of the pacifists. Let the eagle scream!

THE END

"You refuse to follow my instructions?" Miljen's face was livid.

A searching story of the heart of a lovely exile in Hollywood

The Little Striped Shawl

READING TIME • 17 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

BY EVELYN CORNISH

HOLLYWOOD sets the styles all right! Look at these little striped shawls every one is wearing over their heads this year!

I signed for the boxes and, because it was Marie's day off, I took them up myself. The Great Miranda was sleeping late. "Sorry," I apologized, "but the boy said they wanted an O. K. on these before noon."

"Get out, you louse!— Oh, it's you, Smitty. Oh, well— You might at least take off the covers."

She didn't mean any harm. She was just a little nobody from nowhere who happened to have gotten the breaks. Obediently I took the cover off the first box. It was full of triangle-shaped pieces of silk and cotton and wool. There was one—I thought I was seeing a ghost!

"But where—?" I asked stupidly.

La Miranda yawned. "They're supposed to be good— It's on account of the war. They've had experts over in Europe copying the designs."

She poked among them with a disinterested forefinger. "This green?" I suggested hastily. But it was too late; the little oddly striped one already lay under her scarlet nails. She dragged it out and tied it under her chin, peasantwise. At once her shallow blue eyes darkened to a strange Madonna quality.

She stared at herself in the mirror. Even she could see there was something— "Jeepers!" she said. "Why, they'll be a knockout!"

After I'd helped her get dressed and off to the studio, I folded the shawls carefully back in the box. Only the little striped one—I couldn't bear to see it lying there—I took it upstairs with me to my room.

I knew, before I took the blue tissue-paper parcel out of my bottom bureau drawer and opened it up, that the pattern would match. Except for the scorched corner on Mme. Miljen's shawl, you could scarcely tell the one from the other. Only, one had belonged to the wife of my first Hollywood employer almost ten years ago.

DIRECTOR Victor Miljen was one of the first of the foreign importations, and correspondingly important. The call was for a personal

secretary, so I went to the house to be interviewed. It was up in the Hollywood Hills, and of the new ultra-modern type: all white walls and flat surfaces, with only the sophisticated glitter of glass and chromium to relieve the monotony.

I liked Mr. Miljen at once. He was a small man, dark and quick spoken and nervous, with only the slightest trace of a Polish accent.

He had just bought this house for his wife and two children. They had docked in New York last week, and were due this afternoon on the six-o'clock Coastal.

He insisted that I go with him to meet them. And whatever Hollywood said later, he loved her then. I remember we stopped on our way into town to buy orchids for the wife and candy for the youngsters.

Just before we reached the station, his eyes filled with tears. "My wife is a very great lady. A baroness," he confided. "Houses she possesses, and lands—like the ranchos of the Spanish dons here in your country. Beside her, I am as nothing! Can you believe it, I am but the son of her overseer. But now I too possess a great house and lands. Even to a title! For in Hollywood, to be a director is to have power and honor like a count or a baron. Would you not say so?" He turned to me. "I certainly would," I could assure him.

YOU know how station meetings are: all confusion and excitement. I really didn't get a good look at the family until we were at the house.

We all trooped into the hall and the bags were set down and the children wriggled out of their heavy reefers. And then I saw Mr. Miljen look at them and begin to frown. "Where in the world did they get those clothes, Illona?" he asked sharply.

It wasn't so much the materials. It was more a matter of overlong hems and cuffs, of overwide brims and overloose belts. And the skirt of Mrs. Miljen's brown tweed was much too long and unfashionably wide.

She turned now, at the sound of her husband's voice, and inspected the children. "But in Poland, my Victor," she said simply—"we have but just come from Poland, is it not so? Vicky and Ilka are not American children. They are Polish and properly dressed after the Polish manner."

"Well, well, we can decide that later," Mr. Miljen said hastily. "Do you like your new home, Illona?"

Mme. Miljen's eyes traveled slowly around the bare white walls. "What does it matter, my Victor, how plain and simple it is?" she said tactfully. "Together we can make it into a home. We can send back for hangings and pictures and ornaments."

"What do you mean?" Miljen shouted. "Plain! Simple! I paid sixty-five thousand dollars for this house. It's the last word in modern style!"

His wife looked at him. "So!" she said gently, as if she were quieting an overwrought child. "Shall we find now a little supper for the children, Victor?"

I excused myself, and Mr. Miljen, looking relieved, ordered out the limousine and sent me home.

When I reported for duty the next morning, it was apparent that Mr. Miljen's preference for what he called the American viewpoint had prevailed. The Fräulein was up in the sewing room sulkily taking up Ilka's dresses and turning back the overlong sleeves of Vicky's coat, and Mme. Miljen was trying patiently to understand and follow out her husband's suggestions.

"Shop!" he kept saying. "You know—go out and buy things. The stores have everything. Go to a good store: they know the styles."

So she ordered things sent out. Every day, boxes and bundles. "All wrong!" Miljen would shout. "No! They look awful. Try another store. Pay more money!"

Her husband's frantic subservience to the dictates of that small and, to her, unimportant segment of the world known as Hollywood completely bewildered Mme. Miljen.

There were places she could have gone for expert help. Or a social secretary would have steered her. But on that she was adamant.

"My dear Victor," she would remind him patiently, confused by so many things in this strange hostile environment, but sure on the duties and prerogatives of a lady, "one does not take advice on such personal matters from a servant!"

She did break down once, however, at the end of a couple of months. She called me into her sitting room while Mr. Miljen was out. I could see that she was desperately embarrassed and humiliated.

"The little daughter," she began. "She goes now to a birthday party of one of the director's friends. He wishes her to have a new dress for the occasion. Could you—" She paused, steadying her voice. "I should like for once that my husband should be pleased," she concluded earnestly.

I WENT to a children's shop and asked the buyer's advice, and together we decided on a hand-embroidered batiste.

Mr. Miljen was delighted. "Now that's more like it. I knew you'd get the idea, Illona!" he almost shouted.

I saw Mme. Miljen alone for a few moments after dinner and she thanked me graciously.

But Mr. Miljen was effusive in his gratitude. And a few days later he began to press his advantage.

"I've been making inquiries, Illona," he began, "and every one agrees Ouida is the most exclusive establishment in town. They say one can't go wrong there. So I've asked her to personally make a selection for you to look at this afternoon. And I'd like you to take Miss Smith with you."

I saw the swift color rise under

Madame fondled the last one in her firm white hand: a small gaily striped three-cornered homespun.

Mme. Miljen's fair skin. But she smiled at me reassuringly.

Ouida's clothes were marvelous but they were definitely not Mme. Miljen's type. There was one dinner dress of huge black and white squares that was just too extreme, even for Hollywood.

Madame looked at herself in it and then said sharply, "No! No, this will not do at all. It is but the outfit for a clown in a circus."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Miljen," Ouida told her coolly, "but your husband particularly requested me to include this one."

Mme. Miljen ignored her completely. "My dear Miss Smith, will you be so kind as to telephone the director and inquire if he can come to me here?"

MR. MILJEN came over at once. His wife still had on the black-and-white creation.

"Oh, Illona! I thought you would look well in that one. Why, it is perfect—even better than I expected."

Mme. Miljen regarded him with grave eyes. "You like it?"

"Oh, sure! Why, of course!"

"And these others also?"

"Of course! They're all marvelous."

"That is sufficient. We take them all," Mme. Miljen directed. She not only had them sent home but she wore them, one after the other, and Miljen was delighted.

The children's clothes, too, were completely Americanized. And when the packing boxes of draperies and rugs and paintings Mme. Miljen had ordered from Poland arrived, she sent them to storage unopened. And—except for the shawls—the great cold rooms downstairs remained austere and unadorned.

The shawls were really lovely! Mme. Miljen had brought a whole trunkful of them with her, and she had placed them around the house the week of her arrival, just before her first formal dinner. Several of the guests had praised them extravagantly, and that had pleased Mr. Miljen, so they had remained in place.

Their presence must have been a comfort to Mme. Miljen—a link with the old home in this alien land. Sometimes I would see her go around, touching them, as if the feel of them made her happy.

The gossip columns have a lot to answer for! Mr. Miljen had one of the lesser sheets spread out on his desk when I came in one morning.

"Look at this!" he ordered.

A discreet snickersnee for the Certain Director who prides himself on his one-hundred-per-cent Americanization, while his Wife continues to display her loyalty to her homeland.

Delightfully known as "The Lady of the Shawls," it is said that she has a most marvelous collection, all different—and all Polish!

"What do you think of that?" Miljen shouted. "They sneer at my wife! They make of me and of my family a laughingstock! And for what? For a few old scraps of cloth." He paused, shaking with rage and chagrin. "They have to come down, I tell you! Miss Smith, I want you to collect every one of those shawls and pack them away. Do you hear me?"

I was horrified. "But I can't do that, Mr. Miljen! They belong to Mme. Miljen. I couldn't presume to take such a liberty."

"You mean you won't? You refuse to follow my instructions?" His face was livid. "You're discharged—you're fired!" he raged.

"That will not be necessary." A quiet voice startled me more than the shouting. Mme. Miljen stood in the doorway. "Miss Smith is right. It is I who will take them away, if their presence is displeasing to you."

Miljen had the grace to be ashamed. "There's nothing wrong with the shawls," he said sulkily. "It's just not the way things are done here."

"I see! It is not—how you say it?—of the 'high styling.' And that in America is of the utmost importance. Of greater importance than all else." She turned and went away very quietly.

The shawls were packed away in their beautiful painted chest that afternoon. I helped to fold them. Madame fondled the last one in her firm white hands: a small gaily striped three-cornered homespun.

WHAT oddly blended stripes," I said. "I don't think I have ever seen anything just like it."

"It is the insignia of our village," Mme. Miljen said softly. "For hundreds of years our women have woven their cloth in this pattern. They are very proud of it. All over Poland it is that way. Each village has its own particular design for weaving, so that you can tell from what place a woman has come by her garments. And each one thinks that the pattern of her cloth is the most beautiful of all!"

"Oh!" I said. "But you must keep it!"

She turned to smile at me, and I saw that her eyes were enormous with unshed tears. "Put it in quickly," she said. "It would only be lonely here."

But I could not bear to obey her. And after she had gone out of the room I took the shawl and folded it away, not in the trunk but in the top drawer of her dresser.

Mme. Miljen did not speak to me of its discovery, any more than she spoke of the hurt she had received. I am sure there was no open quarrel, but something happened.

The master suite was in twin sections with a communicating door between the two small sitting rooms. The door had almost always stood open before that time; but I know it was closed the afternoon we packed the shawls, and I cannot recall ever having seen it opened again.

And from then on the household

fell into the all too familiar Hollywood pattern, with the husband and wife each going their separate ways.

Mme. Miljen was meticulous about wearing American fashions. But quite often when Mr. Miljen had not dined at home, or had gone out again, I would see her walking about the great quiet rooms carrying the little striped shawl as if for company.

She was walking in the patio garden one evening later that winter when Mr. Miljen came home unexpectedly, drunk as an owl, with a dozen assorted rowdies, male and female. They came trooping into the library and began to yell for scrambled eggs and coffee.

I think madame would have stayed quietly outside until their departure; but some one heard a rustling in the shrubbery and insisted on making a search.

SHE came in and stood in the doorway, smiling conventionally; correctly groomed in every detail of her white sports outfit—except for the little striped shawl on her head. She was quite unconscious of it!

The guests were too drunk to realize who she was, but the shawl intrigued them. "O-o-oh!" they cried. "Look what good ol' Miljey keeps in his garden. Look at Gran'ma in her li'l' shawl!"

She remembered then! Still smiling, she lifted her hands to her head. But at that moment Mr. Miljen, who had stopped in the hall to ring for the butler, came in and saw her.

His flushed face turned a deeper crimson. "Take off that shawl!" he shouted. "I thought I told you I never wanted to see one of those again!"

"I'm sorry," Mme. Miljen said. She put her hands under her chin to untie the knot. But she wasn't quick enough. He reached out and snatched the shawl from her head and threw it into the fireplace, where the ashes still smoldered.

"Don't touch it!" Miljen yelled. "Don't any one dare touch it! Let the damn thing burn!"

The drunken crowd stood around goggle-eyed, delighted at the prospect of a big row. But Mme. Miljen thwarted them. "It is as nothing!" she said evenly. "I am but sorry to have made appearance in so unconventional attire. You will apologize to your guests for me, my dear Victor."

She paused in the doorway to speak to the butler. And when she saw that I had followed her, she motioned me to come upstairs with her.

"The gold brocade!" she said, as if she were finishing a sentence instead of beginning one.

The brocade was one of Ouida's masterpieces: a heavy gold lamé with an elaborate overlay of green and silver, tight-fitting as a sheath, with a long fluid train and tremendous sleeves of sable fur. She slipped into it and turned around. She was so beautiful I could scarcely speak. "But—but, madame—" I stammered.

"You like it, then?" Mme. Miljen inquired. "This costume with which I have adorned myself for the eating of bacon and eggs?"

The crowd was eating and shouting in a noisy unconvincing imitation of merrymaking, and she stood for a moment unnoticed in the doorway. Then her husband saw her. "Illona!" he said. He stood up unsteadily and came forward. He was like a man waking out of a sleep. "You're—you're beautiful!"

He led her to the head of the table and placed her in his own chair. "My wife!" he introduced her grandiloquently, as if they had never seen her before.

They were all too intoxicated to think it odd. "To Miljey's wife!" they cried. "To good ol' Miljey's wife!"

"She's gotta sit by me!" That was Bergdoll—a huge, sullen, misshapen hulk of a man, but one of Hollywood's ace producers. "Get away from here, you lugs. I wanna talk to her. She's gonna have a test on the lot tomorrow. She's got something the rest ain't got. She's got class! It's sticking out all over her."

He was as drunk as the rest; but he had a reputation for never, drunk or sober, making a mistake in a "find." So the rest of the mob promptly swung into line, each one trying to out-bootlick the others.

Her husband couldn't take his eyes off her. He couldn't wait to ease the gang out. He took her in his arms before I had closed the door on the last loathsome salaam, without even waiting for me to leave.

"My darling," he said. "You were magnificent! Gorgeous! You've got them going. You've got the whole gang eating out of your hand!"

She moved away from his embrace, but not angrily. She even smiled a little, but her speech faltered. "Will you permit me to retire now, Victor? I—I am very tired."

He looked at her as if for the first time he was really seeing her. "I've been a brute—a fool—a drunken ingrate! Who am I, to tell you what to do—or wear—or how to act? But I'll make it up to you. I swear I will—starting tomorrow!"

BUT when tomorrow came she was gone!

Miljen was like a madman. He ordered his roadster, and flung himself into it and went careening out the driveway. And no one dared to speak to him or try to stop him.

I found the shawl in the cold ashes that first morning—it was only a little scorched at one corner—and folded it away. Fräulein and the children left the next day. And that same afternoon a representative from the studio took charge, and ordered us to carry on as if nothing had happened. And not to talk!

Of course there was some publicity; but Miljen's associates held it down surprisingly well, and in two or three weeks they had him sobered up and on the job again.

But he never came back to the house. He called me from his office, after his return, and ordered me to close up the place and list it for sale; and after that I went out to his office and helped him with the final details of Seven Seas.

He looked like a sick man. But there was plenty of work left in him; and plenty of ability, too. And Seven Seas was the big success he anticipated. But the next production wasn't so good. And after that he became so unreasonable and irritable that I left.

I used to watch the gossip columns for news of him, but the quips were more and more infrequent until they ceased entirely, and no one seemed to know what had become of him. Then the films with foreign background came into popularity and he was in demand once more.

But apparently I was the only one in Hollywood who heard from Mme. Miljen. She sent me a card the first Christmas with a photograph of their home in Poland: a great turreted pile, looking so ludicrously like the standard motion-picture version of a castle that it didn't seem real.

And every year after that I received a card. Only, this Christmas, no card came. And I wondered!

Early in September I had cut out a newspaper wirephoto showing a scene "somewhere in Poland," with an airplane bomber crashed in a meadow and a group of shawled peasants staring at it stupidly. And when February came, with no word, I got it out and laid it against those other photographs. It matched too well to make me feel comfortable!

THE bell over my door must have been ringing for some time, for, when I finally answered it, La Miranda was standing in the middle of her bedroom with the triangle scraps littering the floor. "What have you done with it—that screwy striped one?"

I went upstairs and brought it down. She snatched it out of my hands. "I'll give you one of the others, Smitty. I gotta wear this one over my head when I pass out, while I'm escaping from the Germans. See? That's how they know I'm a Polish refugee, and what town I come from. On account of Miljen says that's the way they do it over there."

"Miljen?" I asked stupidly.

"Sure—the director! He's Polish, ain't he? He's the one who picked this little striped number out of the sketches and started yelling for it. He's nuts about it. He says he's going to make it famous. He says he's going to have every one in Hollywood wearing one before he's through.—What's the matter with you, Smitty? Don't you think they'll go over big?"

But even if I had answered her, she wouldn't have heard me. She was too busy—preening before the mirror—tying the little striped shawl under her chin.

THE END

Announcing the big

NEW 1941 FORD

In some years, some cars take a remarkable jump ahead. *The Ford car does that for 1941.*

It has jumped ahead in *size.* It's the *biggest Ford* we've ever built, *inside and out.* It's *wider.* It has a *2-inch longer wheelbase.* Its seating room is as much as 7 inches *wider.* It has *new wide doors, semi-concealed running boards.*

You'll notice also a new beauty, achieved by the skilful blending of mass with *longer flowing body lines. Larger windshield and windows* give much better vision all around.

One of its biggest advantages is the *new soft ride.* New, slower-action springs give a gentle, gliding movement. *Newly designed stabilizer* helps absorb road shocks and maintain balance on curves.

More rapid acceleration to match its familiar speed and power on the open road makes this new Ford an even livelier and more spirited car to drive.

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Get the facts and you'll get a FORD!

Just off the *plane from Havana*

DWIGHT FISKE OKAYS HAVANA TASTE OF NEW WHITE OWL

(HERE'S THE CONVERSATION)

OWL: Hi there—Dwight... where's your piano?

FISKE: Say—that's right. I left it in Havana. Better go right back and get it.

OWL: Just looking for an excuse to get back to those Havana cigars—eh!

FISKE: I only need a little shove—I go for that Havana taste, you know.

OWL: Well, then, will you try this *new* White Owl for Havana flavor? I'd like to know what you think of it.

FISKE: So help me, it's got *it!* A real Havana flavor—and mild, too!

NOW and then Dwight Fiske tears himself away from his piano, takes a brief interlude in Cuba. Knowing that he has an excellent taste for fine tobacco, we looked him up on his recent return while the fragrance of Havana was still in his mind.

Naturally, we were interested in what he said—that the *new* White Owl with its blended-with-Havana filler does have a rich Havana flavor. Thousands of smokers will go along with Dwight Fiske on that. Now you can get this preferred cigar taste in this good 5¢ cigar!

NEW WHITE OWL *Today* **5¢**

New White Owls made in U. S. A. only—See how at New York World's Fair, 1940

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Hey! You ain't gonna leave
—" Dink's little eyes bulged.

Men against the River

Felix Schmidt

Old-timer makes good! A thrilling tale of lives in peril and a deed that spoke louder than words

READING TIME • 21 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

BY WILLIAM EDWARD HAYES

MR. TOASTMASTER, members of the Central Shippers' Association, guests: Your Mr. Twifert's introductory reference to me as the hero of the recent Big Fork flood which tied up our Montana Division indicates a complete lack of modesty on the part of our public relations office in supplying Mr. Twifert with biographical material. The subject of this address being The Railroad, Your Good Neighbor, the account of what happened that bitter April night at Big Fork should most forcefully illustrate this good-neighbor policy which I, in my capacity of efficiency engineer, have put into effect over our entire system. What we did for one small shipper, a quarry operator, and his family in the face of peril and death with that swirling brown flood all around us, with the cries of the homeless, the panic of the children . . ."

ACCORDING to the office clock, Abe Gentry had exactly thirty-five minutes of his tenure of office re-

maining to him. It was five to seven now, and beyond the grimy panes of the Big Fork railroad station's office the eighteenth day of the incessant rain paled into dismal night. Abe, whose name was Clarence but whose build and features were gaunt and Lincolnesque even though his irascibility was something else again, was conscious of his freight clerk's eyes as Abe dumped the contents of the big bottom drawer on the top of his scarred desk. Three old pipes, half a tin of tobacco, a fishing reel, a box of flies, and lastly a copy of that recently published Manual for Station Employees, by Mr. Harold D. Mensinger, efficiency engineer.

Abe tried to keep a poker face. Nobody was going to know what he was feeling inside. After seven thirty he'd no longer be agent in this river town where he'd spent all his life. He'd been hoping, of course, that at the last moment Superintendent Cross could somehow intercede for him and keep him here, but it had been a weak hope. Hadn't Mr. Cross told him only a couple of days ago that it was out of his hands?

YUH, Abe," Mr. Cross had growled. "Everything's changin'. Railroadin' ain't like it used to be. Time was when you buzzards, runnin' freight an' ticket offices, could sass back an unreasonable patron, tell 'im where to go. But no more. Yuh read that manual, Abe. Yuh read where yuh gotta be quiet-spoken an' make the shipper feel he's always right. See? An' you—well, Abe, you're a guy that speaks his mind. Yuh spoke it to Dink Strayer up there at Big Fork just a little too strong, an' when you an' Dink got to throwin' fists—"

"Anybody calls me what Dink called me, yuh know I ain't a-gonna take it. Nobody's gonna take it."

"No ol'-timer is," Mr. Cross had agreed. "I'll see what I can do, Abe, but I ain't a-promisin'. This Mensinger—he's the fair-haired boy from system headquarters. He's makin' the railroad over. You gotta be a good neighbor with the devil himself if you're gonna stay on this pike now. You keep your head up, Abe."

"I ain't a-gonna stand for bein' transferred to that little place up in the hills," Abe had declared, "jus' because a ornery little skinflint with a third-rate granite quarry thinks he can call me—"

"That ornery skinflint was a shipper, Abe, till you insulted him an' hit 'im an' he signed up with a truck line. Naturally Mr. Mensinger—"

With a sweeping fury, Abe gripped the Manual for Station Employees between long fingers and tore it to ribbons.

"Yuh can't do it, damn it!" he cried. "Yuh can't lay down rules for handlin' shippers like yuh lay 'em down for department-store customers. Yuh—" He broke off as the city telephone rang.

Louie, the freight clerk, answered it. Louie said, "I tol' Mr. Gentry you wanted them four cars, Mr. Strayer. 'Four gondolas,' I said. He said he couldn't get 'em till tomorrow." Louie listened to the rattle of the voice in the receiver. Then he clapped his hand over the mouthpiece. He said, "Bush Creek's flooded the paved road. Dink says the trucks can't get in, an' all his men up an' left about three. Got scared. He says if he don't get four gondolas—"

"Where yuh gonna get 'em? Outta a hat? Here! I'll talk to 'im." Abe took the instrument. Into it he said, "Look, weasel. It'll be a cold day in hell before—"

The click in the receiver indicated that Mr. Dink Strayer didn't wish to argue with Abe.

Louie said, "He hung up. That means he's gonna call Mr. Cross's office. An' if he can find that efficiency expert, he'll complain to him again."

At that moment Conductor Phil Black and Engineer Ed Holcomb of the westbound pick-up entered the office. Conductor Black wore a dripping black rubber coat and a worried look. Engineer Holcomb's faded overalls were soaked.

The skipper said, "Get set for the worst, Abe. We just backed that wooden box with merchandise for Joe Falk into the team track an' sorta sideswiped a load uh coal that wasn't clear uh the switch."

"How bad you tear up the car?" Abe demanded. His heart had plummeted down to his shoes. Joe Falk, the consignee, was Strayer's brother-in-law, and Joe didn't love Abe, either. Just one more coal on the flame—

"We got one side door hangin' loose," the skipper admitted. "Kinda busted up some loose crockery an' ovenware. The axes an' nails an' rope an' other hardware's all right. Thought you better call Joe right away. We wanna get outta town fast on account we got your friend Mensinger ridin' our caboose. He's startin' a gospel of love an' good will for train crews now. He's checkin' up to see how we treat patrons when we—"

"Exactly, Mr. Black," said a very suave voice at the skipper's back, and they all turned to see Mr. Mensinger smiling coldly at them. Beside Mr. Mensinger stood merchant Joe Falk. Water dripped from their raincoats.

Mr. Falk said, "I ain't acceptin' that shipment. An' when I get through suin' this railroad—"

"I think we can reach an understanding, Mr. Falk," Mr. Mensinger said. "But first, while I have these gentlemen all here, I'd like to say—"

"We can't tie up the railroad stayin' here, Mr. Mensinger," Skipper Black protested.

"I'll take the responsibility for the delay." Mr. Mensinger had a thin face and frosty eyes and a very quick, efficient way of doing things. He pulled out a chair for Joe Falk. "Sit down, please. We'll talk this out."

GENTLEMEN, patrons, there are some things beyond the power of words to portray. The tensity of the moment in the Big Fork agent's office when the Bridge and Building Department's staff engineer came breathlessly up from the river to announce that the bridge would no longer hold an engine and train. Then, gentlemen, the vast drama of that telephone call from the quarry shipper, four miles on the other side of the raging torrent—the call that told us that all hope for his family and himself was gone. . . ."

MR. FALK sat down hesitantly, suspiciously.

Skipper Black said to Engineer Holcomb, "Get on that engine, Ed. I'm still railroadin' by the book of rules, an' the rules say the skipper's in complete charge of the train. If Mr. Menginer wants to stay here—"

"The name is Mensinger," replied the efficiency man. "And if either of you goes out that door before I'm ready, I think you might regret it."

The door opened and a tall man with weary eyes and mud all over his rubber coat stood there and leaned against the jamb. He smiled sardonically at Mensinger.

He said, "Take your time, the whole lot of you. None of you's going anywhere. Not tonight."

"What's this?" Mr. Mensinger took a step forward. "Just who—"

"I'm the B. and B. engineer. Just dropped in to tell you I got some bad news. The river's busted through the west bank in two places. The railroad's tied up."

"But we've got this westbound merchandise train," Mr. Mensinger protested. "We've got perishable—"

"You've got a nice wet place to rest right here," the B. and B. engineer answered. "The bridge won't hold any engine and train. If she lasts another hour she's gonna be marvelous, that's all I've got to say. Abe, you better tell the dispatcher."

Abe told the dispatcher over the train-wire circuit. The dispatcher used language that you're never supposed to use on a company telephone. Then he said, "That makes it complete, Abe. Tell your B. and B. man that the Little Fork bridge is gone. That whole three miles of valley between the two streams—it's a good thing there's nothin' down in there but that granite quarry—"

"Wait a minute," Abe said. He gulped. "Why—why, that means that—" He put down the receiver. He told the B. and B. man about the Little Fork bridge, which was three miles west of the big bridge.

The B. and B. man said, "That makes it swell. I can go to the hotel now an' go to bed. I can—"

"Hey!" Joe Falk lunged up from his chair. "How about Dink an' Ivy—my sister? I was talkin' to Dink about four, an' he said all his men left an' the trucks couldn't get in—"

The city phone brought Louie over from the window against which the rain poured in sheets. Louie answered it, then his eyes widened. He clapped a palm over the transmitter. "It's Dink Strayer, at the quarry, Mr. Mensinger. He says he called

division headquarters an' they told him he could find you here."

Mr. Mensinger's cool, calm "Hello, Mr. Strayer," had just the right note to soothe any savage patron. They all watched and listened.

Mr. Mensinger said, "Four gondolas, Mr. Strayer? . . . But I'm afraid, Mr. Strayer, that the high water just about has us completely tied up. . . . No, Mr. Strayer, it'll be physically impossible for us to get those cars to you tonight. Perhaps in the morning. I regret that our office here didn't make an effort earlier in the day—"

"We made a effort!" Abe cried. "If he says we didn't, he's a liar. He quit shippin', an' now he expects—"

"What's that you say, Mr. Strayer? . . . Just a minute." Mr. Mensinger turned to the others. His eyes had changed. The frost was gone. He said, "This man—this man says the water is coming in under his door. He says—"

"Gimme that!" Abe snatched the telephone. "Dink," he shouted, "you damn weasel, you got Ivy an' the kids outta there yet?"

"What'm I gonna get 'em out with?" Dink Strayer retorted.

"You got legs. Start walkin' with 'em up the spur toward our main line. If water's comin' in your door—"

"It's halfway to my knees now; an' Ivy—she can't walk. She's been laid up with her leg again—them busted veins—"

"Put her in a wheelbarrow. We'll try to get to you some way. You—you tight miser—you ain't worth savin', but Ivy's a good woman, an' the kids—"

Abe slammed down the receiver. Joe Falk gripped his arm.

Joe said, "Is there a chance, Abe? I mean for Ivy. I'd do anything—"

"A chance," Abe growled. "Maybe. If Ivy had any sense, she wouldn't live with that skinflint a day. Too dang tight to spend the money on her to get that leg fixed up right. Lets her suffer—" He turned to Conductor Black. "You got an empty boxcar in your train?"

"We ain't got a empty," the skipper said. "But there's that wooden box we busted in the team track."

"You game to try the bridge?" Abe turned to the hoghead.

Engineer Holcomb screwed up his face. "If it means them people gettin' out alive."

"Now wait a minute, gentlemen," Mr. Mensinger said. He turned to the B. and B. engineer. "Will that bridge hold a 2600-class engine?"

"To hell with that," the B. and B. man growled. "I'm not saying anything that'll let you hang blame on me if it doesn't hold. You're all witnesses. Any engine on that bridge goes at the hogger's risk."

"I can't let you men," Mr. Mensinger stated, "take any unnecessary chances—"

"You can't say a word one way or another," Abe retorted. "If Ed Holcomb'll twist 'er tail, I'll ride that engine with him. We can get that busted car. We can load Ivy in it, an' if we hurry— What you say, Ed?"

"Whatta we waitin' for?" The engineer pulled his cap down grimly.

LET me pause here, gentlemen, for a word of tribute to our Big Fork employees. It was a moment for fast work. In the face of that terrible sweep of water, within a foot of the ties on the bridge, with the debris pounding at the very stringers, two men took that big engine and the only boxcar available. None of us gave a thought to personal safety. We, the railroad, had a neighbor in distress, gentlemen—a neighbor in deadly peril. I shall always remember how, inch by inch, the engine crept onto the threatened span. . ."

THE engine dropped down the slight descending grade from the Big Fork station to the river bridge. Abe Gentry stood at Engineer Holcomb's shoulder blade.

Abe leaned out the gangway and looked down. "She's holdin'!" he shouted. "She ain't weak yet."

"They ain't anything the matter with 'er," the hogger answered.

"I bet there won't be no fish in here for the next two years," Abe said. "I bet I don't get a chance to wet a fly—" He broke off, remembering suddenly that tomorrow he was being shipped a long way from the Big Fork.

Get hep to blades that save you cash—
And shave you quicker than a flash!
With Thin Gillettes it's easy, man,
To have a really well-groomed pan!
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"That's a woodshed jammed against—"

They were in the middle of the bridge. It was a woodshed smashing up against the stringer. Timbers spilled over onto the track. The engine hit the timbers and scattered them. The hogger shoved the throttle shut. The tremor through the frame, the slight lurch and sway, sent Abe's heart into his mouth.

The bridge was weak in the middle. They both knew it. The cough in the stack came back with the opening of the throttle. The engineer held her feet and held the rails.

"Damn, she's a current," Ed said. His voice sounded strained.

THE big drivers churned more swiftly. The pilot pointed to the gray-brown wetness of the ballast at the west end. In the headlight they could see the swirl of water eating into the ballast and the dump.

"Not much better here," Ed said. The wheels left the bridge. The track sagged under them. Ed touched his air gently.

"The ground ain't solid," Abe said. He exhaled with a strange whistling noise. He didn't know he'd been holding his breath. "It won't take long from here."

They ran a mile with the water on the right-hand side of them. They came to the spur switch from which the quarry track curved north.

"I'll ride on the pilot," Abe said as he dropped to the mushy ground.

He opened the spur switch, climbed on the pilot step, and let the rain drench him. He peered into the driving downpour. The engine moved slowly on rough track.

Abe's heart thudded when he saw the waving lantern. Then, in the blade of headlight glow, he made out the figure that held the lantern. A man halfway up a pole on the right-hand side of the track.

Dink Strayer, and no sign of his family with him!

Abe's wide mouth thinned as he pressed his lips tightly together. Dink was the sort of buzzard who would save himself first.

The engine increased speed and finally reached the pole. By now a current was swirling over the track.

Abe yelled, "Where's—"

"I got Ivy on a loadin' platform down about a quarter mile."

"He's got his wife where we gotta wade in to get 'er," Abe shouted up to the engineer. "We oughtta leave this weasel here to drown."

They were an hour, with much bad language, getting Mrs. Dink Strayer off the platform, where they found her sitting in water, with her two children, and back to the boxcar. She weighed a hundred and eighty pounds on the hoof. The kids were four and seven, both boys, and both having a whale of a time with so much water.

They tried to work fast. They had to carry the boys, then Ivy. Nobody said anything until they reached the battered boxcar. They hauled Ivy into it and fixed her on the floor.

Abe got his lantern and told Ed that he'd ride the boxcar as they backed up to the bridge. "Just in case we gotta stop for somethin' or other," Abe said.

NOBODY, gentlemen, will ever know the suspense of that awful hour, climaxed when the trackwalker from the middle of the bridge yelled suddenly and started to run. Yelled, gentlemen, that the bridge was going. And even as he cried out, the grim watchers on the banks, at the bridge approach, could hear the rend of timbers. And beyond the break, in the darkness, the rescue train . . ."

ABE, crouched on the back end of the swaying car, saw the glare of the torches, the swinging red flare that told him to stop, then the break with the water pouring through.

Abe swung his own lantern, and back in the engine the hogger slapped on the air. The boxcar came to a halt on the edge of the long bridge. From the other side Abe could hear men shouting. He couldn't tell what they said.

He climbed down and Ed came running along to him.

"Looks like we're stopped," Ed said. "Can't get over to the town, can't go back where we came from. Can't—" He broke off and peered across. "Somebody's tryin' to tell us somethin'," he said. "Looks like Black an'—hey, Abe! Look! It's my skipper an' Mr. Cross. The super musta been on No. 21."

Abe went swiftly out to the edge of the break. The broken section was about forty feet across. Black and the super, and now several other men, came out on the other side.

"Don't give up," Black shouted. "We'll git to you somehow. We'll git a boat. That current—"

"Don't put nobody out there in a boat," Abe yelled. Then he straightened. He turned and looked back at his boxcar. He shouted, "I'm gonna throw you guys a rope."

"But, Abe, we can't—"

He didn't listen to any more. He loped along the ties with the water lapping against them.

"Go up to the engine," Abe told Ed Holcomb, "an' get your sledge, or a maul—anything. We got one chance to get off this bridge without goin' down with the current. We ain't got any time to lose."

Abe reached the boxcar and got a coil of rope. He said, "Don't get worried, Ivy. You got a level head. Here, Dink. I got a job for you."

Dink said, "I wanna git offa this bridge, Abe. We're trapped—"

"Shut up that kinda talk," Abe snapped. "Get up on top of the car. I'll show you."

ED came with a maul and a bar from the engine.

Abe said, "Ed, you an' Dink get that side door the rest of the way off. Lay it on the track. Then get the one from the other side. Lay it on top this one. Hurry an' get goin'. This bridge ain't gonna be here long."

Abe lugged the coil of rope out on the bridge. He shouted across at Black.

He uncoiled a generous length of it, got one end dangling into an improvised loop. Presently he straightened and swung the loop as a cowboy swings a lariat. He didn't know if it would work, but he had the wind with him. He twirled, timed his arm and wrist, let go. The loop plunked against Black's rubber coat. Abe allowed himself to breathe.

"Take plenty of it," Abe shouted. "Pull 'er over. Snub 'er around that post near the bridge butt."

"Abe! What'n the hell you think—"

"You watch my lantern. When I give you a signal, you get enough

(Continued on page 26)

QUESTIONS 20

Score yourself as follows on this quiz:

0– 5 Correct	Bad
6– 9 Correct	Par
10–12 Correct	High
13–15 Correct	Higher
16–20 Correct	Hi!

1—What important United States official holds the same post he held in 1911?

2—Are culture pearls real or imitations?

3—The Red Cross is an organization for aiding suffering humanity. For what was the Blue Cross organized?

4—What is the original meaning of juggernaut?

5—Why should your fountain-pen cap be on tight when you fly?

6—A mathematical series begins: 0, 1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, 21. What is the relation between these numbers which makes them a series?

7—What queen is 1,000 times bigger than her king?

8—According to legend, the artist Giotto was asked to make a drawing proving his artistic skill. In an instant he made a freehand drawing which convinced his questioners. What did he draw?

9—What is "treasure-trove" in law, and can it legally be kept by a finder in the United States?

10—Does the opossum ever really "play dead"?

11—If you paid twenty-five dollars in dimes, would a merchant have to accept it?

12—What tasty food, according to legend, was knighted?

13—What was the original Star Chamber?

14—What French politician spells his last name the same backward as forward?

15—Was there ever a State of Franklin?

16—Since 1912 a statute regulating certain types of films has been on the lawbooks. Recently the law was repealed. What did it forbid?

17—What does U. S. S. R. stand for?

18—Of what importance to citizens of this country is the quotation: "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof," and where is the original inscription?

19—What is the aurora australis?

20—What is the given first name of the Republican Presidential candidate?

(Answers will be found on page 60)

Impossible, is it?

WE'D HAVE SAID SO, too, a couple of years back.

But we're not so sure now.

You see, about a year and a half ago, when we reduced the price of Paul Jones Whiskey, we expected a normal sales increase. But we weren't prepared for the shower of popularity that followed! Today, *five times* as many people choose Paul Jones as chose it before!

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Of course, this distinctive quality of Paul Jones is not new. For years, Paul Jones has been known for its *dryness*. But the very qualities that made Paul Jones famous, also made it expensive. There were many who wanted Paul Jones, but couldn't afford it.

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We say *you* because, if you've a nose for both fine whiskey *and* a bargain, you've probably turned to Paul Jones already. If you haven't, try it now, won't you?

TRY DRY **Paul Jones**

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

PAUL JONES IS NOW FIVE TIMES AS POPULAR AS BEFORE

(Continued from page 24)

men onto that rope an' pull—pull hard! Keep 'er snubbed."

Abe got back to the car where the hogger and the quarryman had the one side door down on the rails. The water was coming up between the ties on the bridge floor.

They got the second door off, and dragged it over and laid it on the first. Then they dragged both doors down to where Abe had fastened his end of the rope to a rail.

"Spikes," Abe bawled. "Oughta be a keg of twenty-pennies in the car."

"Good Gawd, Abe, if you think I'm gonna risk Ivy an' the kids on a thing like that—"

Abe ran back to the car himself and found the spikes. He took the maul and drove them in the top door and through the bottom one.

"I got a hand-grip iron on here to tie the rope to," Abe said. He cut the rope from the coil, ran it under the grab iron, wrapped it twice, tied it.

"It oughtta hold Ivy an' the children," Ed said.

"It'll hold all of us—all but Dink," Abe said. "We'll get 'er in the water. We'll—"

"Hey! You ain't a-gonna leave me here." Dink grabbed Abe's arms.

"You left your wife an' kids in that quarry when you coulda all got out this afternoon."

"But—but, Abe—"

A new shout went up from the other side of the broken span. Superintendent Cross said, "I'm bringin' my engine down this side, Abe. I'll tie the rope onto that."

The east side of the bridge was crowded now with men and women watching, watching Abe and Ed Holcomb slide the raft into the water on the downstream side and snub it close with a piece of rope around a rail. On the opposite stringers a spray was breaking over where the water piled against the bridge.

They brought Ivy and the boys.

"We'll set you in the middle," Abe told Ivy. He got out on the doors and they held his weight. They held Ivy's weight too.

They put Ed Holcomb on next, and Abe told Ed to ride on the outside. "I'll take this side when I cut loose. We can put a boy between each of us an' Ivy."

"Hey! You ain't gonna leave me—" Dink's little eyes bulged.

"No, Dink. We're gonna take you. Go back there an' get a tire outta that car. Get a couple of 'em."

Dink, spurred by fear, ran and brought back two paper-wrapped casings, part of his brother-in-law's rejected merchandise. Abe fixed a rope around them, anchored the rope to the tail end of his raft.

"Climb in, Dink. You're gonna be the caboose on this train. They'll haul you in last. An' just in case we lose you, we won't be losin' much."

Dink used the casings as he would a life belt. He bobbed and shrieked in the cold water.

Abe crawled onto the near side of the raft and fumbled with the rope. It came loose and the raft was free.

They all lay a little toward the back of it so the nose rose and their feet dragged in the water. The current caught them and they began to swing far around, because it was a cross current, caused by the way the water came through the break.

Back of the raft, bobbing in his tire casings, Dink cried wildly to heaven to stand by him.

Donald said, "Pop sounds like he was drunk again."

Ivy said, as Abe waved his lantern from his position on his knees, "Hush, Donny. Look! The people up on the bridge are pullin' us in."

THE fact, gentlemen, that only twenty-two minutes transpired from the building of that improvised raft until I myself took that smaller child in my arms, does not in any way lessen the magnificent drama of the whole affair. I've felt rather badly that my picture had to be played in the public press, showing me with the child, because, after all, my own part in the rescue was no greater than any one else's. The point is we, the railroad employees, made the railroad live that night as a good neighbor. And now that I have been transferred to this particular district to devote all my efforts to advising with you shippers, and aiding you with better service, I'll go into several things I have laid out here which, I'm afraid, aren't very dramatic or heroic. . . ."

DIVISION Superintendent Cross, dropping off No. 4's hind end that sunny April afternoon, a week after the bridge had been put into service again, looked in at the Big Fork office door, got rid of his chew, and said, "Yuh call that courteous an' efficient, yuh sad-panned soan'-so, sittin' there with your feet on your desk fixin' a fly on a line, an' lettin' that phone ring like that?"

Agent Abe Gentry didn't take his feet down. He said, "It's only Dink Strayer, boss. He's been yellin' for cars all afternoon. Louie, you tell Mr. Strayer he'll have his cars in the mornin'."

Louie gave Dink the message.

Mr. Cross said, "Everything all right now, Abe, since you got a watch from the townfolks, an' laudations from the mayor, an'—"

"An' a notice from you that I wasn't leavin' here," Abe said. "Yeh, everything's oke. Only I notice in the paper that Mr. Mensinger—he's been transferred to the other end of the railroad, with a different assignment. Don't tell me you didn't have nothing to do with that, Mr. Cross."

"We gotta be good neighbors to our own men first," Mr. Cross said sagely. "Other'n that I got nothin' to say. You got a fresh chew, Abe?"

THE END

"...hooray!"

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KRAFT CHEESE COMPANY CHICAGO

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF MIRACLE WHIP SALAD DRESSING

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 19 SECONDS

IT'S fairly safe to say Barbara Hutton never has had her hand kissed in a five-and-ten store, and I believe she would be embarrassed, despite all her sophistication, if such a scene should occur. Any American woman would feel the same. With this in mind, please imagine yourself in the place of the small-town lady whose experience I am about to describe. She's a young wife and mother of generous heart. Has extended her good will to numerous refugees from Europe—in particular to a family of Austrians who held high rank before the Nazi conquest. Head of this family is a broad-beamed ex-military man with elaborate manners. He needs *room* when he bows from the hips, arms akimbo, clicking his heels. That's what he did, the other day, as he spotted his friend, the small-town American matron, in the crush of a five-and-ten-store bargain sale. She was shopping for rubber pants for her two-year-old daughter. The magnificent Austrian squared himself in the aisle, clicked heels, elegantly kissed her hand. People stared, gasped, and gulped. The poor lady longed to sink through the floor, but she had the courage of true hospitality. Braving all eyes, she held a graceful hand for the kiss; acknowledged it with a dignified smile. Even in such a burlesque situation, she did her best to make the stranger feel at home.

☆ Tease the landlord to let you camp overnight in any apartment or house you consider renting. That's the only sure way to find out about neighborhood noise, how the heat and light function, and how all the rooms appear at all hours. . . . Pick a place with a sunny living room if you're stay-at-home people. If you work in offices or at other indoor jobs, try to have bedrooms that get the morning sun. . . . This advice comes from Beatrice Oppenheim, whose new book, Look Before You Lease (published by the Vanguard Press; $1), contains a lot of eye-openers for residence hunters. Because October is moving month to so many of us, I thought it timely to meet Beatrice Oppenheim and absorb some of her knowledge about the dread ordeal. . . . "Until I married," she told me, "I lived twenty years in the same house. Then, as a bride, I moved five times in the first six months. We made every mistake that green tenants can make. It seemed foolish to keep on having rent trouble. I decided to study the subject seriously." . . . The most favorable weeks to move, she discovered, are between December 1 and the end of February, and from June 1 to August 15. Whenever possible, rent a while on a monthly basis before signing a lease. Advantageous neighborhoods are those in which there are at least 5 per cent of vacancies among the rents you can afford, thus creating what is known as a *tenants' market.* . . . "Choosing homes," says Beatrice, "is like choosing husbands. The faults don't show up until after you've lived with them." *Her* husband declares *he* wants to live on a boat.

☆ The name wasn't clear over the phone, so Doug's secretary wrote, "Appointment for *Mr. X* at 3.15." Called out at 2.30 to repair an old gentleman who had fallen downstairs, Doug returned half an hour late for the 3.15 appointment; found an excited crowd around his office door. In the reception room *Mr. X* waved apologies aside, said, "Is it convenient now? I've sprained my shoulder at golf." He was the Duke of Windsor, new royal governor of the Bahamas, whose democratic way of life is demonstrated once again by this true story. *Doug* is Dr. William J. Douglas, young Canadian surgeon and osteopath with whom I lunched recently while he was here en route to Nassau, having left his Paris practice one jump ahead of the Germans.

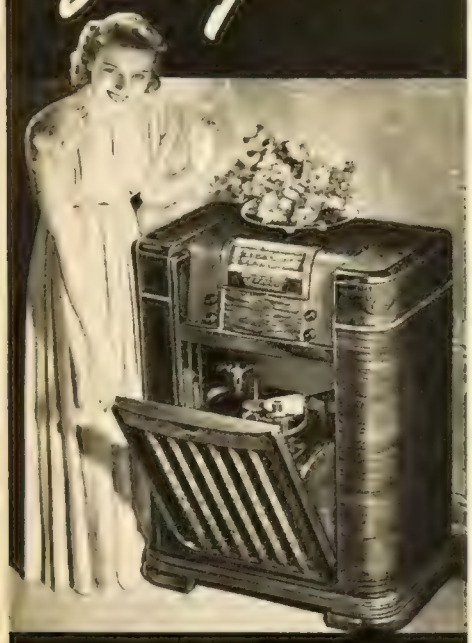
"I feel a terrific urge for some fried potatoes. Allow room for three or four pounds in the usual place."

☆ Next to June, October is now our most popular month for weddings. October brides average twenty-one years of age, bridegrooms twenty-three. In big-business concerns, older executives take the early vacations, putting the younger execs off till fall —which accounts for many an autumn nuptial. It works economically, since October newlyweds enjoy out-of-season rates at swell resorts. Fall honeymooners go South as a rule—Tennessee mountains, New Orleans, the Carolinas, Cuba, the West Indies.

☆ After feeding hungry youngsters on vacation, your kitchen outlook may need sudden readjustment. The day her boys and their friends returned to college, a neighbor of mine didn't think what she was doing; ordered an eight-pound cut of veal. "Now my husband and I are surrounded by it," she says, "and we both hate cold veal!" A lifesaver in such dilemmas is the famous old Boston dish called *Veal Terrapin Stew.* . . . Dice left-over veal and heat slowly in rich cream sauce. Remove from fire, and to each 2 cups sauce add 1 egg beaten up with 1 tablespoon sherry wine, 2 hard-boiled eggs coarsely chopped, a little minced parsley. Reheat but do not let boil. At last minute season with salt and a tiny pinch Cayenne pepper. Serve very hot, accompanied by celery-and-apple salad and thin triangles of dry toast.

☆ Our twice-a-year juggle with Daylight Saving can play havoc with baby nerves, so I'm told by experts who specialize in the care of infants. Regularity of sleep is essential to the nerve stability of small children. Keep a careful watch of your kids' reactions when you shift your living habits to conform with Daylight Saving schedules.

Music on a Beam of Light!



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The pointed steel needle that *scrapes* music from the record is gone! Instead, a rounded jewel that *never needs changing* floats gently over the record grooves and *reflects* the music on a light beam from a tiny mirror to a Photo-Electric Cell. *Only Philco has it!*

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SEE AND HEAR IT AT YOUR NEAREST PHILCO DEALER

READING TIME ● 2 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

a Financier

Liberty's True Short Short by Achmed Abdullah

MY maternal grandfather, who came from Afghanistan, was a rather rough old man but as shrewd as a Dundee Scotsman with an Armenian mother. He used to make periodical, more or less incognito, trips to Europe whenever the national or family cashbox—the two were identical—needed filling. One year he would go to London and mulct the Foreign Office by promising that in case of trouble with Russia in Central Asia, Afghanistan would be loyal to the British; and then, twelve months or so later, he would go to Moscow and make the Russians shell out by telling them the opposite tale.

It was a good graft while it lasted. But it was not so good for the old boy's liver and kidneys, since he spent part of the ill-gotten gains on reckless living. So once in a while he went to Karlsbad for the cure, and there, one evening, the Prince of Wales, afterward King Edward the Seventh, introduced to him a well known Viennese banker, S-m-d R-s-f-d.

Now, on his jaunts in the interests of graft or health, my grandfather would take along an assortment of Afghan decorations, to distribute where they might do the most good.

Therefore—those being the far-off days before international bankers lost their cash and their pull—when he met R-s-f-d he reached into his capacious pocket and produced the Afghan House Order of the Second Class, an enormous silver star ablaze with off-color diamonds and chipped emeralds. This he pinned upon the proud pigeon chest of the banker—who bowed, salaamed, and kissed my grandfather's hairy hand.

That winter, back in Vienna, R-s-f-d had a jeweler remove all the bad stones and replace them with precious, flawless gems. He sported the decoration on all proper—and improper—occasions.

A few years passed. Again grandfather had liver complaint. Again he went to Karlsbad. Again he met the banker, decoration on chest—and how the old boy's beady steel-gray eyes gleamed when he saw the fine stones!

I was with him at the time. He winked at me. Then, in excruciatingly bad German, he addressed R-s-f-d:

"Me give you House Order?"

"Yes, Your Excellency." The banker bowed.

"House Order Second Class, eh?" from my grandfather.

"Yes, Your Excellency."

"Not good enough for you," said grandfather, "Must have House Order First Class!"

And he plucked off the star, including the gorgeous gems. He plopped it into his pocket, and from this same pocket took out a House Order of the First Class, studded with yet worse off-color diamonds and chipped emeralds, which he pinned upon the Austrian banker's chest.

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1940; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

Coming Plays of the Prizewinners

Julie Haydon appeared in two prizewinners, Saroyan's The Time of Your Life and Carroll's Shadow and Substance.

Vandamm Studio.

Liberty presents an exclusive preview of important events in the American theater

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

NOW that a new theatrical season is under way, what are some of our more conspicuous prizewinner playwrights going to do about it? The first of the laurelists to come to mind is, of course, Eugene O'Neill, the precedence being justified because he is not only by common consent the most important dramatist in the American theater but the only one ever to have been awarded the Nobel prize, to say nothing of the only one, if it matters, to have been given the Pulitzer prize on three different occasions.

O'Neill now hasn't been represented by a new play in six long years, having devoted the blank period to an heroic cycle of nine plays dealing with the life of a family in America from the late 1700s to the early 1900s, having already completed four and progressed far into the fifth, and being reluctant to release any for production until the whole work is finished. About eight months ago, however, finding that the steady grind on the cycle was getting a bit monotonous, he decided to give himself something in the way of a holiday by writing a play entirely apart from it. That play he had had in his mind for many years; he completed it in May; and when and if he chooses to permit its stage production, it will, if my powers of prognostication are still unimpaired, not only hands down get the Critics' Circle prize as the best American play of its season but, if the Pulitzer committee continues to exercise its last year's good sense in following the critics' award, the Pulitzer prize to boot.

The title of this newest O'Neill contribution to the native drama is The Iceman Cometh. Laid in an old-time New York saloon and peopled with a boozy riffraff of humanity, it superficially suggests Gorky's classic The Lower Depths, but it seems to me in certain respects an even finer and profounder play. Underneath its hard, crass, drunken, cursing crust there flows an understanding compassion and pity rare in modern dramatic literature, and a humor that is at once immensely hearty and shrewdly critical.

Although O'Neill has asked me not to divulge the details of plot, I may here dispel various rumors about the play. It is not true, for example, that O'Neill jumped his cycle to do a "timely" pro- or anti-anything play, except, as he himself writes to me, a pro-drama one. People also should not expect that because his last produced play was the critical Catholic Days Without End this new play must be pro-Catholic and use masks. It is and does neither. Nor, as wide reports have it, has the play any sociological significance as such significance is defined nowadays. This should be emphasized because it has been published in the New York Times that one of the chief characters is a Communist, whereas the fact is that there is a world of difference—and hatred, as O'Neill points out—between a Communist and a Communist-Anarchist (the proper designation of the character in question), and that the latter, as O'Neill also observes, is shot on sight in Russia.

The Iceman Cometh—the Iceman is Death—marks a return to the character and spirit of its author's earlier work, but the scope is broad-

er, deeper, and more sweepingly comprehensive. Although a traveling salesman is the character about which the action surges and the drama develops, there is no leading character in the usual sense. In short and in conclusion, here is a study of mankind in its dirty undershirt which amounts to beautiful dramatic art and which is an added tribute to the increasing importance of our national drama.

We come next to last season's Critics' Circle and Pulitzer prize-winner, the Wild Boy of Fresno, the despair of solemn newspaper interviewers, William Saroyan. Characteristically, Saroyan will throw not merely one hat into the ring but four. Indeed, maybe five. The four plays are, at least to his mind, now ready. The fifth he is currently working on.

Saroyan's leading challenge is Sweeney in the Trees, and I may well warn those persons who elected to consider The Time of Your Life, My Heart's in the Highlands, and Love's Old Sweet Song cuckoo, that this new play in comparison will be, to their way of thinking, a whole aviary. Saroyan himself magnanimously admits it. Says he in a note to be printed in the program: "This is a play, a dream, a song, a poem, a travesty, a fable, a symphony, a parable, a comedy, a tragedy, a farce, a vaudeville, a song and dance, a statement on money, a report on life, an essay on art and religion, a theatrical entertainment, a circus, anything you like or whatever you please."

The description is pretty accurate. Saroyan has put almost everything into the play, the kitchen stove being the least. So far as plot goes, there is even less than in his previous exhibits. A young man takes a cheap room in a San Francisco building, puts advertisements in the papers telling people who have no work to come and see him, assures them when they come he has no jobs to offer but simply is lonely for company, and then starts throwing money in huge quantities all over the floor.

Naturally enough, the visitors think he is daft and that the money is counterfeit and loftily pay no attention to it. When, later on, one finds it to be genuine, the human panorama instantaneously changes.

AROUND this thread Saroyan has woven a crazy quilt, colored here and there with lovely imagination and streaked always with his accustomed originality, that may very roughly be described as a Saroyanesque paraphrase of Strindberg's The Spook Sonata. The characters range from a modern Ophelia to a drunken old poet named Shakepierce, from a Russian lieutenant to a Japanese elevator operator, and from a small child whose mother wants her to be an opera singer to a figure called Sweeney's Death. There is a small plant which, as the play progresses, develops gradually into a tall tree, in which the central character sits. There is an intermittent ecstatic ordering up of de luxe hamburgers with onions. The character called Sweeney's Death, dressed exactly like Sweeney, follows him about as an alter ego. At the end, upon Sweeney's demise, the character of Death comes on the stage wearing Sweeney's old overcoat and a white bird flies out of the tree in which Sweeney had been sitting.

No, I'm not lying.

As in the case of O'Neill, various erroneous reports have been published concerning Saroyan's work. It has been stated that he has, since Sweeney in the Trees, finished two other new plays, to wit, The Hero of the World and Something About a Soldier. These plays were written more than a year ago and were withdrawn from New York circulation for revision. The former is a saga of the average man, narrated on a bare stage. The latter is the tale of a wise septuagenarian in a small American town who, with the aid of a small adopted son, sets out to prove to the neighbors the nonsense of wars. This play, originally called Story of a Soldier, was written with the Lunts in mind, but inasmuch as Saroyan not only had never seen either, and in point of fact confessed to me he didn't know who they were, and inasmuch, further, as the script vouchsafed Miss Fontanne only about six or seven lines, nothing—unpeculiarly enough—came of it in that direction.

The fourth play, completed since Sweeney in the Trees, is entitled Across the Board on Tomorrow Morning. Saroyan expresses his own view of it to me thus: "It may be gaga, maybe great." Like Sweeney, it baffles any clear description on paper.

WE pass to Paul Vincent Carroll, twice winner of the Critics' Circle citation for the best foreign play produced on the New York stage, the plays being Shadow and Substance and The White Steed. Carroll's new one is called The Old Foolishness, which, in the author's appraisal, is love. The scene is Ireland and the leading characters are three brothers and the girl they love. One of the brothers is a bitter Communist, one a farm worker, the third and youngest a visionary. The girl, who has been living in sin with the first-named and can bear him no longer, runs away from him in Dublin and comes to the house where the other two live. The second brother falls slave to her spell, throws over the peasant girl to whom he is affianced, and would claim her as his own, the while the youngest brother vainly peddles her his youthful dreams. The first brother suddenly enters and demands that the girl return to him, this time as his wife.

The confrontation of the two older brothers, the decision of the girl to go back to the first brother, the pursuit of the latter by the police, and a shooting in which the second brother—the one who most deeply loves the girl—is accidentally killed constitute the play's last act.

Sean O'Casey, Ireland's greatest dramatist, will be a prime candidate for the critics' citation this season. He will enter the lists with Purple Dust, a fantastic comedy whose theme is the absurdity of an arbitrary veneration of the past. The scene is a tumble-down old Tudor mansion in Ireland. The leading characters are two pompous Englishmen, one over sixty, the other thirty, who have worshipingly taken over the old house and who have installed therein their mistresses, one in her upper thirties, the other a girl of twenty or so, and a young Irish stonemason in charge of a group of renovating workmen.

IN terms of some of O'Casey's most beautiful lyric writing and some of his most rough-and-tumble humor, the play relates the battle of the past against the present, the battle of tradition versus the new order, with the Englishmen in one corner and the women, supported by the stonemason, in the other. The miseries attendant upon trying to get some living comfort in the dilapidated old manor, symbolic of the traditions of the past; the mounting impatience of the women with their mentally antediluvian masters; the taking of an amorous hand in the situation by the young stonemason; and the ultimate desertion of the two babbling venerators of the yesterdays make up the body of the play.

Some of the dialogue is in O'Casey's choicest vein. I append just two examples:

1. "Everything old is sacred in every country. Give a house a history, weave a legend round it, let some titled tomfool live or die in it, and some fool mind will see loveliness in rottenness and ruin." Whereupon a lowly Irish laborer: "Isn't it sthrange how many'll fall for a mere name? Remember oul' Miss MacWilliam who used to faint with ecstasy the times she told the story of sittin' for a second in the King o' Denmark's chair, and oul' Tom Mulligan who swaggered round for years afther the son o' the Earl o' Skibereen had accidentally spit in his eye."

2. Condescendingly asked by one of the Englishmen if he has ever read "good old Wordsworth," thus the young Irish stonemason: "As a matter of fact, I have. A tired-out oul' blatherer; a tumble-down thinker; a man who made a hiding place of his own life; a shadow parading about as the sun; a poet sensitive to everything but man; a bladder blown that sometimes gave a note of music; a poet who jailed the striving of man in a moral lullaby; a snail to whom God gave the gleam of the glowworm; a poet singing the song of safety first!"

The play, to be produced after the first of the year, will be something to see.

THE END

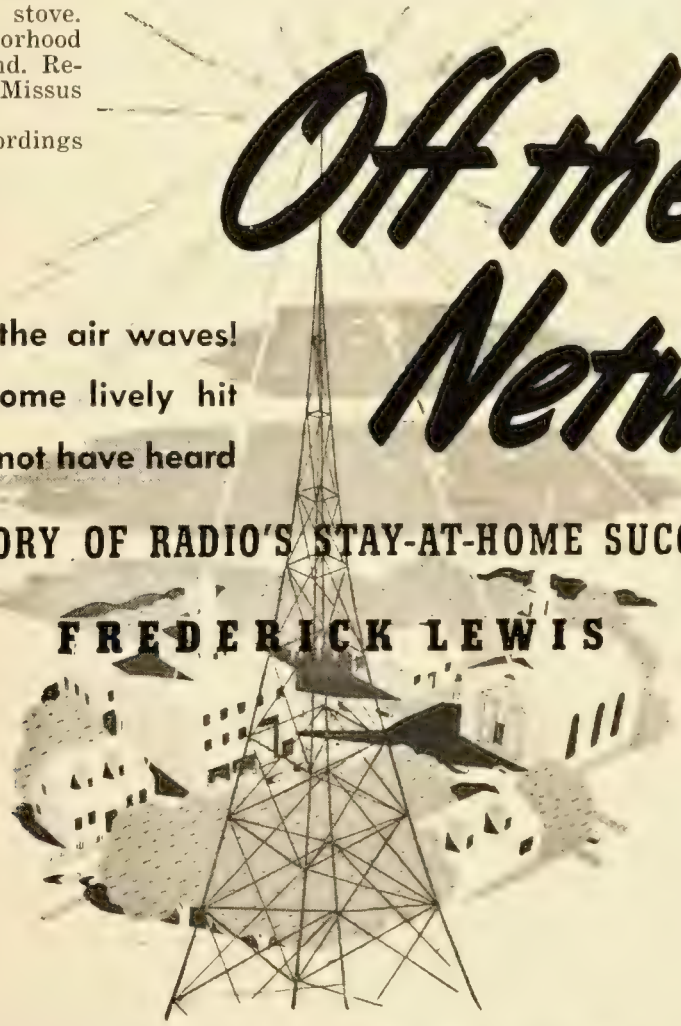
READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

Off the Networks

Visiting round on the air waves! Here's a tour of some lively hit programs you may not have heard

THE STORY OF RADIO'S STAY-AT-HOME SUCCESSES

FREDERICK LEWIS



"HELLO, girls!"

This is shock-haired, wide-smiled, plump-cheeked Tommy Bartlett's daily greeting to a hundred dignified matrons gathered for luncheon at Chicago's Home Arts Guild.

Ten minutes later—after Tommy has rolled on the floor and done everything but tickle his girls to get them giggling—he begins popping questions, the recording machines start rolling, and Chicago's most successful local program, Meet the Missus, is on the platter.

Tommy's quickest answer getter is, "Suppose you're a movie star. Whom do you want for your leading man?"

The answering shriek—I don't need to tell you it rhymes with able and table and Mabel and Babel—has been heard on the northmost shores of Green Bay.

Program in can, girls in stitches, Tommy then takes his recording machine out to some local grocery store and catches that part of his sponsor's public which practices its home arts on the kitchen stove. Fifty to a hundred neighborhood housewives quickly rally round. Result, a second program: The Missus Goes to Market.

Next morning Tommy's recordings work while he sleeps, and at 2 P. M. he is back with his giggling Guilders and grateful grocers.

The fact that brash Tommy is a bachelor doesn't keep his programs from being as "sharply angled for married women as the Reno Chamber of Commerce." He is credited with having opened 10,000 new distribution outlets for his sponsor in the Chicago area.

Personally, twenty-six-year-old Tommy does all right, too. He receives 3,000 letters a week (at least twenty of which are sure to be proposals of marriage), has already inherited one legacy of $5,000 from a once giggling matron, gets $22,000 a year from his sponsor, and lives a happy life in a Lake Shore Drive duplex apartment.

This sort of thing is going on all over the country. I don't mean that Tommy gets around that fast; but everywhere audiences are being convulsed or thrilled or instructed or soothed by hugely successful programs produced in local radio stations and heard only on local radios.

Some of these home-town air shows don't stay home-town very long. Amos 'n' Andy went on the air in 1926 in a Chicago studio as Sam 'n' Harry, and by the summer of 1929, in new names but old faces, they were changing the supper hour of the nation. Lum and Abner took longer to get out of the Ozarks and into Sunset Boulevard's $2,000,000 Radio City, but they got there. So, to mention only a few, did Gene and Glenn, Vic and Sade, One Man's Family, and Al Pearce and His Gang.

Local programs that made good in the big town—that's what all of these were, and many more; and there are dozens of others, already regionally famous, now awaiting the All-America call. For example, Terre Haute's Si and Ezra and Rochester's Herb and Hank are Lum and Abners in the making; and Newark's one-man Johnson Family—if it isn't on the networks by now, should be.

But many other local programs of merit equal to those that "go network" are, by their nature, destined to remain local.

There is one right now in Little Rock which so clearly recognizes this fact that it calls itself My Home Town. This is a band number put on by local boys who have played in the big nationally known name bands like Goodman's and Crosby's but who have come back to Little Rock because they prefer to spend their lives with their own Arkansas folks.

Similarly, Pittsburgh has one of the few really good amateur hours, good enough for any network, but which doubles its interest value as a local attraction by featuring local favorites. The station supplements the work of the tryout performers with a small stock company, of which 250-pound "Tiny" Ellen Sutton, herself a WJAS discovery, is the singing star. The big appeal, however, is strictly Allegheny County. Tops in audience response was the time 250 sets of twins and seven sets of triplets showed up for an All-Twin Amateur Hour.

Without resorting to such flamboyant publicity methods, conservative Hartford, Connecticut, has also built up a community following for Guy Hedlund and the WTIC Playhouse. Mr. Hedlund has some forty actors on call for his productions—a sort of local stock company with a local stock company's appeal.

Most so-called man-in-the-street programs are also local in appeal. Dayton, Ohio, has two corkers, whose presiding genius, genial, drawly, folksy Rann Daly, leans heavily on the appeal of local participants; Fort

Wayne has a clever Hey! Mr. Motorist, program, in which two WOWO-WGL announcers hold up local drivers to chat with them about their driving habits; and Atlanta uses the local airport as a sounding board against which it poses gangplank interviews with incoming tourists.

Almost every important station boasts one or more features of this kind, but Manhattan's Vox Pop is one of the few to venture outside the realm of local interest.

True Story, Voice of Experience, We, the People, and other shows of that character have long been familiar to network listeners, but heart-throb programs unheard outside of certain areas compete successfully with their more famous rivals because of their purely local appeal.

Sports commentator Quin Ryan fathered one of the first of these by catching almost newlyweds as they emerged from the Cook County Marriage License Bureau. Hal Styles now throws Quin Ryan's idea into reverse by standing almost divorced people up against the mike and asking them how they got that way. Hal calls his show Hearts Repaired.

Styles' other show, Help Thy Neighbor, said to be radio's original first aid to the jobless, goes on its human, earthy, vital way—as it has these past four years. When I last checked up on Hal, he had sent 18,500 persons to what he calls "the promised land of jobs."

Chicago's similar program, I Need a Job, placed more than 2,500 jobless in its first year of operation. Detroit's State Employment Service airing, I Want a Job, and Toledo's Opportunity Hour, conducted by a high official of the Ohio Employment Service, are making slower but steady progress.

Sectionally patriotic programs, like The Saga of Savannah and Oklahoma Speaks, are naturally limited to the localities in which they originate. The latter, however, which is typical of several such airings throughout the country, keeps state-wide interest at tops by switching the microphone from the studio in Oklahoma City to a street corner in Enid, then to Muskogee, then to Tulsa, etc.

Cincinnati's Milton Bacon travels through the neighboring countryside speaking at luncheons, munching sandwiches at road stands, interviewing any one who might have a story. Bacon's program is aimed at southwestern Ohio and abutting sections of Indiana and Kentucky.

KOA, Denver, in devising a local nature-study program which simply refused to stay local, has contributed an "educational" program to which people really listen, and to which even faraway Broadway's hard-boiled Variety makes obeisance:

"Although intended for kids, and ideal for that purpose, Dr. Raymond Gregg, naturalist for the U. S. Park Commission, makes this program listenable for adult ears. He seems to be that rarest of all God's creatures, a natural-born teacher. He is a master ad libber, paints vivid word-images, never hesitating, never confusing. . . . The program takes groups of kids out in the fields, the woods, the lakes of the Rocky Mountain district of Colorado, and Gregg talks of anything and everything they chance upon, as the party, accompanied by a KOA pack transmitter, rambles about."

Hollywood's unique radio rummage sale, Today's Best Buys, has already spread itself over twenty Coast stations as the result of a phenomenal local telephone response.

Six stenographers sit in the studio with telephones before them, receive calls, type out offers, hand them to messengers who take them to announcers Sam Pierce and Arthur Gilmore who read them over the air. One night's best buys included a $5,000 twenty-acre fenced-in ranch with orchard and house in New Mexico; a litter of baby raccoons at $7.50 per; two large bullfrogs, suitable for stud; complete equipment for sawing a woman in half, woman not included; an eight-weeks-old lion cub, Midget, offered free to a hospitable and suitable home.

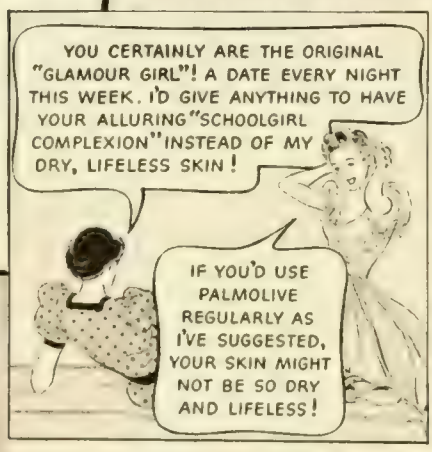
Although the program is heard only over KNX, a woman in Chicago recently heard a mink coat offered for sale, promptly phoned an offer of $1,000. The offer was accepted, the coat shipped off, and an express check arrived by return air mail.

THE END

YOU CAN'T COMPETE WITH GLAMOUR GIRLS

IF YOU LET YOUR SKIN GET DRY, LIFELESS, OLD-LOOKING!

TO HELP KEEP YOUR COMPLEXION LOVELY, USE THIS SOAP MADE WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS!


YOU CERTAINLY ARE THE ORIGINAL "GLAMOUR GIRL"! A DATE EVERY NIGHT THIS WEEK. I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO HAVE YOUR ALLURING "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION" INSTEAD OF MY DRY, LIFELESS SKIN!
IF YOU'D USE PALMOLIVE REGULARLY AS I'VE SUGGESTED, YOUR SKIN MIGHT NOT BE SO DRY AND LIFELESS!

POOH! HOW COULD PALMOLIVE HELP?
BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS, NATURE'S FINEST BEAUTY AIDS! THAT'S WHY ITS LATHER IS SO DIFFERENT, SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN! PALMOLIVE CLEANSES SO THOROUGHLY YET SO GENTLY THAT IT LEAVES SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, RADIANT!

WHY DIDN'T YOU EXPLAIN ALL THAT BEFORE? NOW I CAN SEE HOW PALMOLIVE WOULD HELP KEEP SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH! I'LL USE ONLY PALMOLIVE FROM NOW ON!

MADE WITH
Olive and Palm Oils
TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH

For bridge fans: A drolly whimsical tale of love and the little leprechauns

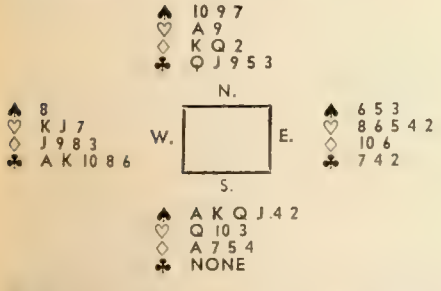
Now the King threatened with his short sword. "Young man," he said, "kindly allow me to join my Queen."

THE CARDS THAT PLAYED THEMSELVES

BY THE FAMOUS BRIDGE MAESTRO **SIDNEY S. LENZ**

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

South was in a sad predicament. Against perfect defense he had to make a grand slam in spades or lose his beloved. In dire distress, he followed a system that proved miraculous. How would *you* play this hand? The king of clubs was led.



"WHAT doth it avail a man to gain the whole world, and lose his soul's desire?"

The above paraphrase of a centuries-old question covered his case exactly, Horatio Carroll brooded bitterly. He possessed practically every accomplishment a young man could hope for, except the ability to measure card values at the bridge table. That, in itself, would have meant little to Horatio, were it not that Alice Leslie loved bridge and he loved—Alice.

In his anxiety to hide his delinquencies, Horatio developed the usual abominations of the poor player. He banged and snapped the cards! He tapped, drummed, and made other cacophonic noises that tended to infuriate others at the table.

Tonight he had been at his worst. He had calmly passed his partner's forcing bids, trumped his partner's high cards, and succeeded in losing a redoubled hand in the only way it could have been lost—by a revoke.

The crowning blow fell when Alice coldly bade him good night and told him that unless he could keep his mind on the game, it would be just as well not to appear the next night.

No, our young man was not at all happy, although his third double Scotch-and-soda convinced him that he would go to Alice's again and play like a Lockridge or a Jacoby.

Taking up the last of his highball, Horatio saluted the pack of cards on the table. "Cards, a toast to you! I humbly beseech you, how about giving a fellow a break?"

He stared quizzically and shook his head unbelievingly as the flap of the box slowly opened and the cards filed out on the table. Fantastically they rose on end and two of the court cards teetered toward him. As they approached the edge of the table, they bowed. They were the Queen of Hearts and the King of Diamonds.

The King addressed Horatio in a shrill piping voice, "Young man, you implored our help at the one time of the moon when we are invocable. What are your wishes?"

"Your Majesties," said the amazed Horatio, "I had no idea—"

"Of course you have no idea," the Queen interrupted. "You never have in regard to cards. But you should have. It is not a matter of card sense—there is really no such thing; merely common sense is required, as in anything one desires to excel in. Are you serious in asking our aid?"

Startling events might be looked for at the Regent's Club, but anything so *outré* as talking playing cards was preposterous. Horatio looked wildly around, but the card room was deserted. Timidly he asked, "Then you can help me?"

"Of course," answered the Queen. "We can and will, provided you do your part. To start with, you have many bad habits at the card table that you must get rid of. It is unnecessary to throw down a winning card with undue emphasis. Only yesterday you played the Queen of Spades with such great force as to strain her back. When you are in doubt over a play, you riffle the cards in a way that is annoying and unpleasant not only to the players but to the cards as well. Again, it is not conducive to friendly feeling when you hum or whistle while another player is try-

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UNION MADE

KOOLS NOW COST NO MORE THAN OTHER POPULAR BRANDS

•

And you get valuable golden coupons with KOOLS—America's finest mentholated cigarette.

Help Kidneys If Back Aches

Do you feel older than you are or suffer from Getting Up Nights, Backache, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatic Pains, Burning, scanty or frequent passages? If so, remember that your Kidneys are vital to your health and that these symptoms may be due to non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles—in such cases CYSTEX (a physician's prescription) usually gives prompt and joyous relief by helping the Kidneys flush out poisonous excess acids and wastes. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose in trying Cystex. An iron-clad guarantee wrapped around each package assures a refund of your money on return of empty package unless fully satisfied. Don't take chances on any Kidney medicine that is not guaranteed.

Cystex Helps Flush Kidneys

Don't delay. Get Cystex (Sis-tex) from your druggist today. Only 35c. The guarantee protects you.

Proud

OF HIS HAIR! TREATS IT THIS MEDICINAL WAY. DO YOU?

When you treat your scalp with Glover's Mange Medicine and massage, you stir up circulation and give it the kind of MEDICINAL help that's mighty good for it. How good it is, is proved by its effectiveness in helping check excessive Falling Hair, Dandruff and Itching Scalp. Ask your Barber—he KNOWS! Shampoo with Glover's Medicated Soap for best results. Get both at your Druggist's today!

GLOVER'S
MANGE MEDICINE

ing to think. Trite remarks are bad, too. Are you aware that on three occasions last evening you said, when a finesse was tried, 'Not through the Iron Duke'? I can see nothing clever in that. Nice cards will not come to you unless you are nice to them."

Poor Horatio bowed his head in shame. "I am awfully sorry," he humbly said. "From now on you can be assured of my complete reformation. May I look forward to your help tomorrow evening?"

"You may," answered the Queen. "When you are in doubt, merely think hard and we will tell you what to do. Only *you* will hear what is said."

The King put his hand to his lips as he whispered, "Her Majesty is the very best bridge player you could find in a million decks. One of your progenitors featured her in a story some time ago, as the White Queen."

A light broke upon Horatio.

"Your Majesty," he asked, "are you the lady who makes such wonderful tarts?"

"I am," modestly answered the Queen. "I made some tarts for a nice little girl named Alice."

ALICE LESLIE, sitting opposite Horatio at the bridge table the next evening, was surprised at how smoothly and noiselessly he was playing.

And then came the hand that established Horatio's reputation forever.

Mabel Irwin, at his right, dealt and passed. Horatio bid a spade on these cards:

♠ A K Q J 4 2
♡ Q 10 3
◇ A 7 5 4
♣ NONE

Ted de Kanters, Mabel's partner, overcalled with two clubs, and Alice bid two no trumps. Mabel passed, and Horatio jumped to four spades. Alice went on to four no trumps, and Horatio now called five spades. Alice assisted to six spades and Horatio was about to pass when he noticed the Queen of Hearts wriggling uneasily in his hand.

"Alice has shown you a big hand," whispered the Queen. "Go the limit."

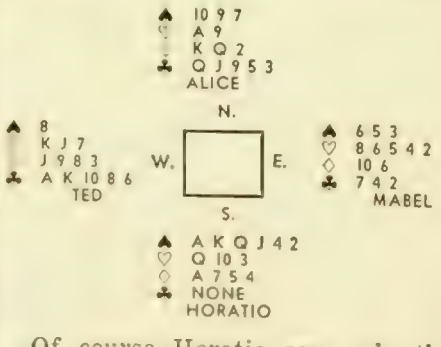
"Seven spades," said Horatio.

"Double," from de Kanters.

"Redouble!" ordered the Queen.

"Redouble," said Horatio bravely.

This declaration was passed all around and the king of clubs was opened. This was the set-up facing Horatio:



Of course Horatio saw only the dummy hand and his own cards. It seemed that he had overbid and he looked at his Red Queen accusingly. She smiled gently and he heard her say, "Play the cards boldly—that's half the battle."

He started to play a little trump on the first trick, but the Queen of Spades rolled her eyes and said, "Play me. I need a rest after your harsh treatment of yesterday."

Horatio obeyed.

Dummy was then put in with a diamond, and a club was led. Horatio was going to trump with the two, but now the King shook his head and threatened with his short sword.

"Young man," he said, "kindly allow me to join my queen."

Horatio played the king, and a second diamond permitted dummy to come with another club. Before he could deposit a low trump on it, the jack hopped up and down, so he played it. He next led the low spade and dummy was in for another club lead. Mabel discarded a heart, and this time the spade ace vacillated violently, so down it went for the seventh trick. A heart seemed to Horatio the logical continuation, but the Queen dissented.

"It would be ruinous now," she said. "Play your last trump."

On the trump lead, Ted gave up the seven of hearts and on the final trump lead from dummy, Horatio would have discarded the low heart, but the ten crept in his fingers and it was played before he knew it.

Now de Kanters was in difficulties, and he reluctantly gave up the jack of hearts. The ace of hearts was the next play and our hero would have followed to that trick with the three, but the Queen objected.

"You must let me go now," she said, "or all will be lost."

"No, no," objected Horatio, "I cannot give you up. I—ouch!"

"What happened?" asked Alice, as Horatio hastily put his finger to his mouth.

"I—I clumsily cut my finger on the cards," said Horatio.

"That was only a little bite," said the Queen. "Are you going to play me or must I bite off your finger?"

Horatio hastily played the queen, and the nine of hearts was now the ranking card and, more important, held the lead in dummy, so de Kanters could not discard his high club and was compelled to let go of a diamond. The diamond lead now allowed Horatio to win the last two tricks.

De Kanters looked at Horatio in admiration.

"A six-card unblock ending in a progressive squeeze!" he said. "I never imagined you had it in you."

Horatio picked up the Queen of Hearts and placed her to his lips as Alice patted his hand and murmured, "Horatio, you are marvelous!"

The Queen of Hearts graciously inclined her head as she said, "I helped you win that hand, but now you are on your own." She looked at Alice significantly, and continued: "Well, what are you waiting for?"

THE END

HOW WILL THE NEGROES VOTE?

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

BY WALTER WHITE

Secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People

An eminent member of his race throws light on a 1940 political puzzle

IN times like these it is exceedingly unwise to venture into the realm of prophecy. But it takes no seventh son of a seventh son to predict that certain blocs of voters may and probably will play a far more decisive role on Election Day than would have been the case had not Hitler made his destructive marches over Europe. Among these blocs are the woman, labor, middle-class, lower-income, and foreign-born voters. Possibly more likely to swing the tide one way or the other is the Negro vote, which is today so distributed that it can hold the balance of power in any reasonably close contest in seventeen states with a total electoral vote of 281. This is fifteen votes more than the 266 required to elect a President and Vice-President.

But numerical strength in these pivotal states could not alone make the Negro a factor to be reckoned with. Changes have been taking place during the past decade or so in the political thinking and orientation of the colored American. No longer does a brown skin automatically mean that its possessor is a Republican. Nor does it denote a Democrat. Or a Socialist. Or a Communist. Politically independent and realistic—even cynical—thinking and action have grown like the proverbial wildfire among Negroes since the early '20s, and the pace of this trend is accelerating.

They have taken a terrific pounding from the depression. Unemployment has steadily maintained a rate from 20 to 60 per cent higher than among white Americans. Even in tax-financed defense projects they have been barred while Nazi sympathizers were given jobs. Not only have they been shut out of the air corps and other skilled branches of national defense but at this writing they are refused permission to enlist even as privates.

Negroes are well aware that *both* political parties are responsible for these discriminations. They know that the ballot —at least in those states where they can vote and their votes are counted — is a potent weapon. Thus they are increasingly ignoring conventional and meaningless party labels, preferring to study candidates and issues and to cast their ballots accordingly. Meanwhile they have done a good bit of house cleaning in their own ranks among the professional politicians, Negro and white, who — for a consideration—have succeeded for years in convincing political parties and candidates they can "deliver the Negro vote."

As a result, according to Life in a recent issue, "overlooked by almost everybody except working politicians is the fact that U. S. Negroes may well decide who the next President shall be. If the decision is close, their 2,500,000 votes may be decisive

in such key states as New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, Michigan."

The nomination of Willkie, if he lives up to the start he has made, gives emphasis to Life's assertion and to the showing of recent Gallup polls concerning pivotal states where the Negro vote is most concentrated. The party which carries these states will almost certainly elevate its candidate to the White House. Altogether, there is little wonder that one of the most astute and frank Republicans told me recently in Washington that his party is determined to regain the Negro vote if possible because "we know that the party which gets this vote in 1940 is the one which will win."

FOR nearly three fourths of a century the Negro vote has been practically nullified by a "gentleman's agreement" between the Republicans and the Democrats. Until shortly after the World War of 1914-18 began, more than five sixths of the Negroes of the country lived in the South. There practically all of them were disfranchised. Negroes in the North were relatively few and scattered until that war stopped European immigration and Northern industries desperately sought labor to meet the needs created by war orders.

As long as the Democrats from the South dominated the policy of their party, Negroes even in the North were convinced that they had no place to go politically except into the Republican ranks. The latter, selfishly aware of this, believed that all they needed to do was to hand out a few dollars every four years to a few professional sepia politicians. They ignored the rapidly mounting discontent and resentment among younger and mere intelligent Negroes. Long before the Roosevelts came into power this revolt was manifest in New York and other Northern cities.

The "gentleman's agreement" continued to dominate the procedure of both major parties. The more astute politicians began to wake up slightly in 1928, when huge numbers of Negroes voted for the Democratic ticket. In 1932 and again in 1936 they voted overwhelmingly both *for* the Roosevelt (not the Democratic) ticket and *against* the reactionary Republican ticket. Particularly was this true in 1932, when a substantial majority of the Negro vote was cast against Herbert Hoover, who had repeatedly manifested, while President, that he had little regard for Negroes. Thus the Negro emerged for the first time as a potent element in American political reckoning. In doing so, however, he has not thrown his lot permanently and irrevocably with the Democratic Party, which he still eyes warily. If the Democrats believe otherwise, they are in for an unhappy awakening.

If the Negro votes in 1940 for the Democratic candidates for national and state offices, it will be largely because he believes (or is led to believe) that the present overwhelming power of Southern Democratic leaders like Tom Connally, Bilbo, "Cotton Ed" Smith, and other Negrophobes is subordinate to that of more progressive Democrats. It will be because he is convinced that the Democratic Party, or at least the more intelligent and progressive wing of that party, is honestly determined to combat the disfranchisement of millions of white and Negro citizens. It will be because he believes that for the good of the nation as a whole the Democrats are sincerely dedicated to continuation of socially desirable legislation like housing, social security, the protection of workers' rights. He must be reasonably convinced that Democratic senators and congressmen from Northern and border states are at least beginning to lose their fear of the anathema-hurling blatant "professional Southerner" type of senator and congressman.

And he must be sold on the belief that Democrats are going to act to lessen materially and eventually wipe out the caste and color line in the armed services of the nation.

IF the majority of Negroes vote the Republican ticket, it will be because they are convinced that the sincerity of Republicans like Joseph W. Martin, Jr., represents the dominant attitude of the party. And it will take more than just the attitude of the party of Lincoln toward the Negro as a Negro. Green in his memory is the current fight in Congress for legislation against mob violence. He bitterly resents the violent opposition of Southern Democratic senators and congressmen to the anti-lynching bill, but he expected nothing else from them. And he knows he is powerless to do much about such opponents as long as the poll tax, the so-called "white primary" exclusion of Negroes, and the violence of lynching mobs continue to exist. Balanced against these are those members of both houses of Congress, and including Republicans, Democrats, and Independents, who are sincere in their support of the anti-lynching bill. These give the Negro hope and faith in the democratic system.

But, in between, there is a no man's land in which apparently dwell a group more numerous than the enemies and the proved friends of the anti-lynching bill combined.

This bloc is made up of senators who fervently assure all who ask that they abhor lynching, favor federal legislation against it, and will vote for that legislation if given an opportunity. But they mistakenly count on ignorance of the Senate rules on the part of the white and Negro advocates of the bill. These know that the filibusters against the anti-lynching measure which for two decades have prevented the Senate from voting on it can and will be broken only by cloture or limitation of debate, which can be imposed only by two thirds of the Senate.

To Negro voters the anti-lynching bill has become both a symbol and a yardstick to measure sincerity of political parties and officeholders. And, aside from purely political considerations, this legislation has grimly real importance. The published figures for recent years apparently indicate that lynching is on its way out of existence. But the improvement is far more apparent than real. Many of the benefits of so-called "New Deal" legislation have been nullified, so far as the Negro in some parts of the South is concerned, by lynching and the threat of lynching. Checks for farm benefit payments made out to Negroes have been taken by others, endorsed, and cashed. Any Negro daring to complain is liable to mob visitation. I have referred numerous cases of this sort to Washington during recent years, and been told nothing could be done about such thefts.

LATE in June a hard-working reputable Negro citizen of Brownsville, Tennessee, Elbert Williams by name, was lynched while seven other equally respectable Negroes, including a minister of the gospel, were forced by a mob to flee for their lives. Their offense? Going to the courthouse to inquire what they needed to do to qualify to participate in the 1940 Presidential election.

The specter of mob violence hangs constantly over the head of every Negro, even in some Northern states, and that is why he looks upon federal anti-lynching legislation not as a panacea for all his ills but as at least a beginning toward assurance of that "due process and the equal protection of the laws for every citizen, regardless of race, creed or color" so eloquently pledged in the Democratic platform adopted at Chicago in July.

As with anti-lynching legislation, so is the possibly decisive Negro voter concerned with the fate of housing, wage-and-hour, social security, tax, education, health, and other measures. He is keenly awake to the implications and portents of the snuffing out of democracy abroad, and is alert to the movements and trends toward lessening of democracy here. But he does not look upon such threats as new phenomena. He has known for three centuries and more the lash of as cruel race hatred as Hitler ever loosed—the chief difference being that racial bigotry is an active policy of government in Nazi Germany and a passive one in the United States.

Now that his geographic distribution has given him potential political strength, the American Negro is determined in 1940 to use it for all it is worth. None can foretell now in which direction he will move on Election Day. But he may determine whether Wendell Willkie and Charles McNary or Franklin Roosevelt and Henry Wallace will be our next President and Vice-President. I think I know the answer, but—I'm not telling just now.

THE END

The coral bathing suit with the rubber flowers was a howling success. The youth of Hobe Sound fell down and worshiped.

Unexpected Uncle

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

Clouds threaten romance in a gay, sparkling novel of young moderns in love

BY ERIC HATCH

who wrote My Man Godfrey, The Girl Next Door, etc.

A synopsis of preceding chapters will be found on page 38

PART FOUR—RUNAWAYS' LUCK

MANSLEY and Kathleen and Quenton looked in amazement at the horse in the trailer. Then Mansley remembered, and he began to shake all over with laughing until tears streamed from his eyes. He decided he liked Carol West with a great passion. She stopped the car and waved.

"Hi, Seton," she called. "Took you at your word. You said any time, day or night."

"Hello," said Mansley. "Hello, hello. But I said you had to rip his

shoes off. Even I can't pitch horseshoes with the horse in them!"

Kathleen had caught on now and joined the laughter. Quenton instinctively clutched his pocket and muttered, "Horseshoes! That guy! No, sir, not for me."

He was debating whether or not to give up the idea of following Kathleen, when he found his eyes looking into Carol West's, or, rather, found hers looking inquiringly into his. Carol West had sixteen-cylinder eyes—gray, with oversize pupils. They were having a strange effect on Horace Quenton. Vague thunderings and unsettledness were happening inside his chest.

"Hi," said Carol. "You a friend of the family?"

Quenton's leather face broke into a wide grin. "Yes, *ma'am!*" he said. He strolled over to Carol's car. "My name's Horace Quenton. Folks call me San."

Carol gave him a sour look. She said, "That's lousy. I could make a better joke than that in my sleep."

"I'd like the chance to hear you, ma'am," said Quenton.

Carol managed to blush prettily. It was quite a trick, because actually she was practically shockproof. She held out her hand and smiled.

"You'll do," she said. Then for the first time she noticed the signs of imminent departure. She turned to Kathleen. "What goes on here?"

"I'm in awful trouble, Carol, and so's Uncle Seton. We're—we're running away from—we decided we'd better go places. Johnsy's disappeared too."

Carol looked past Kathleen to Mansley. "Is she in real trouble? Can I help?"

Mansley shook his head.

"No," he said, "no." He paused thoughtfully. "Unless you feel that any one who has to live in a trailer with me for an indefinite period is in real trouble."

He smiled at her. As always, she found his smile charming. It seemed so wistful and disarming, a cherub's smile, yet everything about Mansley, especially some of the hair-raising stories he'd told her the night before, belied it.

"What's this about Johnsy, Kathleen?"

Kathleen told her—all about the accident and Sarah Hamilton then, and about Sarah Hamilton this morning. When she came to the part about her being accused of kidnaping Johnsy, Carol West began to laugh.

"Johnsy doesn't really disappear," she said. "He just disappears from Sarah. *I* know where he usually disappears to."

"You *what?*"

Mansley snapped it out. Kathleen stared at her out of wide eyes.

"On the way to Hobe Sound, right near Jupiter Inlet, there's a Place." Carol capitalized it. "It's the doggonedest place you ever saw. He always goes there. It's just a dump. Like an old New York speakeasy. Bum liquor and lousy lights." She beamed at Mansley. "You'll love it. It'll make you cry your eyes out."

"Why will it?" said Kathleen.

"Nostalgia," said Carol. "It does Johnsy. It makes him homesick for something he didn't really like. That's why he goes there. He's *probably* there now."

"Well," said Mansley, "what are we waiting for?"

He started the engine. Carol turned her eyes on Quenton.

"You want to come along with me?" she said. She saw his eyes light up and recognized the light in them as having dangerous possibilities. "And look after my horse?" she added. She saw his face fall and was afraid she had hurt him. She reached over and patted his hand. "This place is called a hotel," she said. "We can use him for luggage. He's a very fine steed. He's one of Tommy Hargreave's very best polo steeds. Tommy doesn't know I've got him."

Mansley, letting in the clutch, heard a sniff and a little gulping noise by his side. He looked around in annoyance. Tears were rolling down Kathleen's cheeks.

"Dammit, girl," he said. "You cry all the time. Two or three times a day."

"I know," she gulped. "Like it rains in Panama. But it doesn't mean anything. Please, may I?"

"Yes, of course," said Mansley. "But why are you doing it now? We're going to your precious Johnsy. Why cry about it?"

Kathleen looked at him out of her great soft eyes and melted him. He saw now that she was clutching the little gold clover-leaf pin.

"Because"—she blubbered, definitely blubbered— "Carol was just—just talking about hotels and steeds, and that's what Johnsy was talking about when he was lying on my bed last night all bleeding and hurt, and that awful Mrs. Carnes . . ." The hand clutching the pin trembled with emotion. "And he's such an angel and it's the last time I saw him. *Please* understand!"

Seton Mansley did understand. He understood too well, for whatever else Johnsy Hamilton might be, he was most certainly not an angel. By way of showing he understood he took a very large, very fine silk handkerchief from the breast pocket of his shirt and silently handed it over.

"Oh, thank you!" said Kathleen. Then, to Mansley's annoyance, she blew her nose lustily into the handkerchief (he'd intended it merely to be cried into), wiped her eyes with its corners, crumpled it into a hard wet ball, and said, "There! That was a wonderful cry! Thank you ever so much for understanding."

THE Seaview Hotel, when they reached it, was just about what Carol West had said it was, with one exception: It did not contain anywhere in its dim insides Johnsy Hamilton. They learned that it had, however, contained him for several hours during the night. According to Carol, this meant that he was only on what she called a second- or third-

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

KATHLEEN BROWN, salesgirl at the Palm Beach branch of Parkes-Fifth Avenue, is about to be fired because Johnsy Hamilton, young millionaire shoe manufacturer, has made advances to her in the store. Seton Mansley, a sixty-year-old adventurer who looks important, passes by, sees Kathleen crying, and saves her job by pretending to Clayton, the manager, that he is a director of Parkes. Johnsy, returning to apologize, meets Mansley, assumes that he is Kathleen's uncle, and invites him and his "niece" to have dinner with him.

Mansley, gay, entertaining, distinguished-looking, makes a hit with Carol West, the girl Johnsy's snobbish sister, Sarah, wants her brother to marry, and Kathleen captivates Tommy Hargreaves, whom Sarah herself hopes to lead to the altar. But Kathleen is interested only in Johnsy and Johnsy only in her.

After leaving Kathleen at her roominghouse after the party, Johnsy, who has had too much champagne, runs his car down some steps and emerges with a cut wrist. Kathleen takes him to her room to bandage it, the landlady misunderstands, and the result is that Kathleen leaves. Johnsy, in the meantime, has fallen asleep on her bed and she lets him stay there while she goes to the Hamilton yacht to tell his sister Sarah to send for him. Kathleen then goes to the motor camp where Mansley is staying.

In the morning, trouble treads close on the heels of both Mansley and Kathleen. Clayton has discovered that Mansley is not a director and calls the police. Sarah, because Johnsy has disappeared from Kathleen's room and cannot be found, chooses to believe Kathleen has kidnaped him, and comes to the store with a policeman to have her arrested. Her plans are ruined by Horace Quenton, a young man who has made friends with Mansley at the trailer camp. Quenton arrives in his car, picks Kathleen up before she reaches the store, and takes her back to the camp where Mansley, warned that the police are after him, is getting ready to leave. Just as they are about to go, Carol West drives up. Behind her car, in a trailer, is a horse.

degree bender and not a real one. She said she thought it highly probable he was back on the Python by now and why didn't they settle down, themselves, at the Seaview and have a flock of cocktails and some lunch? But Kathleen rebelled. She was too young to have any nostalgia whatever aroused in her breast by dingy leftovers from the speakeasy age, and she was so relieved at finding Johnsy was still running around all in one piece that surroundings once again made a difference to her.

On the drive up to Jupiter Inlet, which is a pretty drive, Kathleen might as well have been going through a tunnel. She had been certain that awful things had happened to Johnsy and, what was worse, she had begun to blame herself. The next phase, of course, would come when Johnsy turned up hale and hearty, and then, as Mansley knew, she would blame Johnsy.

THEY had one cocktail apiece at the Seaview and then Carol suggested they go on the few miles to Hobe Sound for lunch.

"But that's exclusive," said Kathleen. "The whole place is private."

Carol smiled at her. "We'll use Tommy Hargreave's name at the club," she said.

Kathleen wasn't up on high-class gate crashing. She didn't know that if you looked all right and said the right thing you could get into almost any club that enjoyed having people spend money on drinks and things. She said, "Do you think Tommy'd mind?"

Carol laughed. "If you're worried about it," she said, "we can use his horse's name—Spot. We can sign the guest book, 'Proposed by Spot Hargreave.'" She walked to the end of the bar where Mansley and Horace Quenton were having a conversation with the barkeeper. "Come on, gang," she said. "We're going on to lunch at the beach club at Hobe Sound."

"I like beach clubs," said Mansley.

Quenton set down his empty glass, squinted his eyes at Carol.

"Do I look like lunch at a beach club?" he said.

"Oh, you look lovely," said Carol. "Wavy hair and everything. Come on."

"Ma'am," said Quenton, "any beach club you'd be apt to go to would be so swell that takin' me there would be 'bout as fittin' as takin' that horse."

"But that's fine!" said Kathleen, "because the horse is taking us. We're using his name to get in."

Quenton looked at Kathleen and shifted nervously from one foot to the other. This sort of talk upset him. He was a serious man who said only straight, serious things. He thought people who talked any other way were a little queer. But Seton Mansley loosed a bellow of quick laughter and said, "Best idea I've heard since those people in New York put their dog in the Social Register!" His

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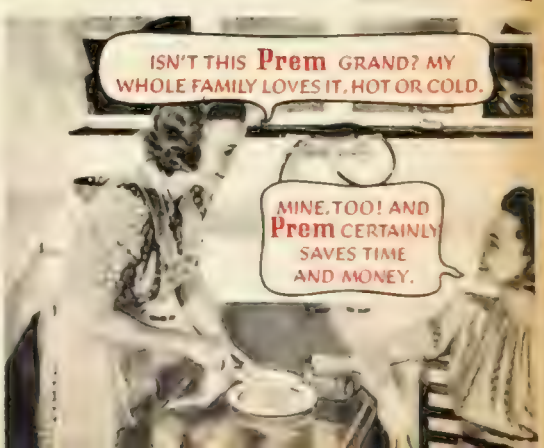

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eyes sparkled. "That solves everything. We can travel the length and breadth of the land, visiting all the best clubs, and you never have to pay cash for things at clubs." He sighed. "I like clubs."

"They bother me," said Quenton. "A bunch of folks ganging up in one place just so they can keep everybody else out."

Seton Mansley's lips twitched.

"You belong to a union, Horace?" he asked.

"Certainly," said Quenton, throwing his shoulders back. "Teamsters and Drovers. Local Nine-two-one."

Mansley reached out and patted him on the shoulder.

"Well, then, Horace," he said, "you mustn't say anything against the beach club at Hobe Sound. That isn't half as much of a closed shop as your outfit. They allow guests. I'll bet anything you like, your teamsters and drovers don't allow guests."

QUENTON smiled sheepishly. "Doc," he said, "you could talk the dummy off a ventriloquist's knee. O. K., I'll ride along with you—for the laughs.",

They paid for their drinks and got back into their cars and drove up the main coastal highway to the village of Hobe Sound, where they turned right for the road that led to the drawbridge over the inland waterway and to the Hobe Sound Club.

The name club was a little bewildering here, for the entire strip of land between the waterway and the sea, a golden strip with white beaches and the very best palm trees and pine trees, was really part of the club. You had to belong to the club to buy there or to rent, and to belong to the club you had to be quite a lot of things besides rich. The most misleading thing about it was that most of the people there didn't look as if they had a dime to their names or a pocket to put it in. They wore any old clothes they happened to feel like, and looked, at times, not unlike a group of Horace Quenton's teamsters and drovers on an outing with their wives. They looked, too, in odd contrast to their surroundings, which were so lovely that, as the little cavalcade rattled over the drawbridge, Kathleen cooed with pleasure.

To the right, on the Sound, was a long green dock with slips and landing floats. Two fair-sized yachts, white and gleaming, lay at the end of the dock and smaller sport fishing boats lay in the slips. Beyond this were stretches of lawns, as soft as putting greens, rolling down to the water's edge. Some of the houses that belonged to the lawns raised chimneys and gables above the palms and pines. At the end of the dock was the clubhouse.

They drove up to the club and stopped. A few members, walking from the club to the tennis courts, bowed greetings. Some of them glanced twice, with envy, at Mansley's trailer, but nobody seemed in the least startled by it. Carol got out of her car, called to Kathleen to join her, went into the club through the bar entrance and followed a long winding hallway to the club office. Here she went up to the desk and said, "I'm Carol West. We're going to be here for lunch."

The clerk smiled at her and said, "That's fine, Miss West. Where are you this winter—Palm Beach?"

"Uh-huh," said Carol. "I hate it." She took the pen that was offered her and wrote her name in the register, and then, in the space that said, "Proposed by," she wrote "Spot Hargreave." Then she looked up at the clerk and laughed and, to Kathleen's horror, pointed to the register and said, "He's a horse."

The clerk laughed too and said, "Would you mind writing the names of your guests?"

Kathleen watched and was a little thrilled when she saw her own name there. The next moment she almost fainted because Carol, finished, pointed to Horace Quenton's name and said, "He's a member of the Teamsters and Drovers Union."

"Hush, Carol!" Kathleen whispered, blushing furiously with embarrassment, but the clerk laughed now as though he thought this was the funniest thing he'd ever heard, and Carol laughed with him. Then she put her arm through Kathleen's and they started marching back to the cars.

CAROL!" Kathleen was outraged. "You shouldn't have said those things! I think it's lovely here. I'd like to be let stay."

"Baby," said Carol, "listen. Quenton's kind of a tough hombre. You know that. If somebody rubbed him wrong here he might act up. If I'd tried to pass him off as Hubert Van Know-Nothing of the Cat Cay Kitten Club, we'd *all* be in a sling. So what? So I say he's a member of the Teamsters and Drovers Union and everybody's delighted—and no comeback. Same with Spot Hargreave."

They had reached the driveway. A colored boy was standing looking affectionately at the horse. Carol called to him and said, "Boy, Mr. Hargreave will be lunching here instead of at the beach. Take him out and walk him and get him some water and then sit in the shade with him till we get back and I'll give you a dollar."

The colored boy's eyes rolled with pleasure. He often dreamed about being paid to sit in the shade and do nothing. To have a horse keep him company while he did it was paradise. He took the horse out of the trailer, and Carol and Kathleen got back in their cars. A few minutes later they were parked on the ocean side of the strip and walking toward the simple building that housed the beach restaurant. As they walked, Horace Quenton scowled and Mansley beamed, but Carol now slipped her arm through Quenton's and he found that his scowling became so halfhearted that he stopped.

As they walked into the restaurant Kathleen looked about her; then she gasped.

At one of the tables a group of people were laughing at a story. In the center of the group was Johnsy Hamilton. He was freshly shaved and combed and immaculate, but he stood out like a zebra at a horse show, for he was still wearing his evening clothes. Furthermore, he was obviously entirely sober and, still furthermore, he was equally obviously enjoying himself hugely.

Mansley said, "Well, well, well!" and stole a look at Kathleen. She was standing with her lips parted and her eyes wide in surprise, but, as Mansley watched, her mouth closed sharply, her chin was thrust out, and little spots of crimson appeared in her cheeks.

"Oh, dear," said Mansley to himself, "this is too bad." He reached out and took one of her hands. "I don't blame you for being mad," he said. "When people go looking for corpses they've got a right to be mad if they find the corpses up and dancing. But before you throw anything, remember he doesn't know—what he's done to your life."

"He hasn't done anything to my life," snapped Kathleen. "He couldn't." Then her lip trembled. "I'm glad we found him," she said. "Now I don't have to worry about him any more."

Mansley heard her add, "ever," under her breath. He was afraid she was going to cry, so he put his arm around her shoulders and squeezed hard and said, "Steady."

She smiled at him. "It's all right," she said. "I'm not going to do rain in Panama again. I—I wouldn't give him the satisfaction. Look! Chicken patties!"

She walked on ahead toward a buffet where many hot plates were standing. Johnsy saw her and jumped to his feet and started after her. Carol West whistled through her teeth and turned to Quenton.

"Get a blanket," she said.

Quenton jumped. Here was more of this goofy talk.

"Get a *what?*"

"A blanket," said Carol. "In about ten seconds Mr. Johnsy Hamilton is going to have a bad chill."

JOHNSY reached Kathleen as she was helping herself to the chicken patty. He bent over her shoulder, grinned, and said, "Hey, funny bunny, what are you doing here? I'm calling for you at the store at six. Remember?"

"I don't work at the store any more," Kathleen said. "If you hadn't—gone away, you would have known."

The grin left Johnsy's face and the sad look came back to it. The tone of Kathleen's voice told him everything her words kept back.

"I'm dreadfully sorry," he said. "I guess I was pretty tight. I came to and didn't know where I was. It looked like kind of a bad place to be, so I got out—quick."

"You didn't get out quick enough," said Kathleen. "How's your hand?"

She didn't care how his hand was. At that moment she wouldn't have minded if it had dropped off.

"O. K.," he said, "thanks to you." He leaned forward. "Looky. About this not working at the store. Is that my fault?"

Kathleen turned and met his eyes. "No," she said. "It was about yesterday and Uncle Seton."

"Then it *is* my fault," said Johnsy. "It began when I pinched you. So help me, Bob, I'll never pinch anybody else as long as I live. . . . Looky," he went on. "I seem to have loused things up right for you. I want to unlouse them. I'll chuck those people I'm with and we'll grab us a table off in the corner. Kathleen," he lowered his voice, "I don't know how you found out where I was, but I want to tell you how glad I am you came here."

He meant it, of course, the way Mansley had meant it when he'd welcomed her at the trailer after the debacle at the wretched rooming-house, but because Johnsy was young and wealthy it had a there-there-little-girl-here's-ten-bucks-for-a-new-doll quality and the red spots flamed again in Kathleen's cheeks.

IF I'd had any idea at all that you were here, I most certainly wouldn't have come here," she said. "You look silly in those clothes anyway. Why don't you go home?"

With that she moved along the buffet and helped herself to some coffee and then turned and went to where the others were already sitting at a table pretending they hadn't been watching like hawks while she talked to Johnsy. She dropped into a chair and said, "We had a fight. I think I won."

Mansley looked at her, then he glanced at Johnsy Hamilton. He was still standing where Kathleen had left him. There was a hurt look in his eyes and his mouth was hanging a little ajar. Mansley turned to Kathleen.

"I don't think you won," he said. "He's gone home."

Kathleen looked toward the driveway. Johnsy was getting into a taxi.

"Oh," she said, "when I told him to go home I didn't mean for him really to. Johnsy!"

She started to get up. Mansley put out his hand and gently shoved her back into her chair. The taxi rolled off down the drive.

"Now, Kathleen," Mansley said. "Having found Johnsy, we've got to temporarily eliminate him and find something else to worry about."

"I don't want to worry," said Kathleen. "I've had enough of it."

"You talk too much, Seton," said Carol.

"Can I help it if I seem to be the only articulate person on the Florida peninsula? Besides, words play a big part in things nowadays: wars, elections, peace—people use up millions of words every day. It's a wonder

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there're enough words to go round."

Kathleen's face relaxed into almost a smile. She loved hearing Mansley talk about nothing.

"Yes," said Carol. "It is a wonder, considering the number you monopolize."

Mansley put his head on one side and looked at her.

"My dear babe," he said—"you *are* a babe, you know; it shows through in spite of all your background and breeding—have you ever heard any one use words to better purpose?"

"Yes," said Carol, "I certainly have! You know, Seton, I think you're the biggest fraud I ever met. I think that's what I like about you. Everybody's a fraud—everybody I ever met, except maybe Kathleen and Dopey Okie here, who isn't bright enough to be. But *you're* perfectly open about it. Everybody *else* pretends to be something they're not."

A slow sly smile spread over Mansley's face until it was wrinkled like an old football. "Why, I never pretended to be anything in my life—except an uncle." His eyes met Kathleen's and a look of complete understanding passed between them. Then laughter bubbled up simultaneously in both of them.

"And a director," said Kathleen.

"*And* a horseshoe pitcher," said Quenton.

It made Kathleen suddenly choke on her chicken patty. It made Mansley rock back and forth. They rocked and choked and laughed for several minutes, and Carol and Quenton began to laugh too. It was infectious, the way silly laughter always is. The four of them laughed so hard the people at near-by tables smiled. They wanted to laugh too, but they couldn't very well, not having been introduced, but presently some people who knew Carol West came over to the table to speak to her and were introduced and they knew the people at the next table, so they too were introduced, and in no time at all Mansley was launched into anecdote.

Mansley was a good storyteller. If the truth got in his way, he overlooked it, and he always told stories about places so remote that, though he might have found it hard to prove they were true, certainly no one else could prove they weren't. Stories were his great stock in trade, a deliberately cultivated stock in trade, because he had long ago learned that men like to listen only when sitting around tables, and when sitting around tables there is almost always a continuous supply of food and drink. In hardly any time at all some of the men who had joined them ordered a round of drinks. Then luncheon was over and two other men were scrambling for the check. Mansley said, "Oh, here now, that won't do at all. Let me."

He had a bad second when it looked as though they might let him, but it passed and he plunged back into make-believe land. When, a few minutes later, one of the younger men suggested swimming to Kathleen and Carol, Mansley only paused long enough to say, "Careful, my dears; sharks, you know," and jumped right back into his story.

Carol and Kathleen walked together to the trailer to change into bathing suits. Carol had bought one at the beach shop and Kathleen, of course, had the coral one with the rubber flowers. She wondered if wearing it would make her feel bad about Johnsy, but it didn't, because she was feeling fine about all the people there being so nice to her and not seeming to mind that she wasn't rich.

While she dressed she puzzled about this. Kathleen had, from the other side of the counter, seen a lot of society at Palm Beach. She had overheard numberless conversations. Always they were about men or money or both. But all these people talked about were food and fishing and golf and swimming. She'd heard a little war talk and a little political talk and a very little scandal talk, but mostly it had been not unlike the kind of conversations you heard in Waterford. She asked Carol about it as they walked back to the beach.

"Well," said Carol, "it's like this: There isn't any such thing as society any more. There's café society and then there're the people who are so sure of themselves they don't spend

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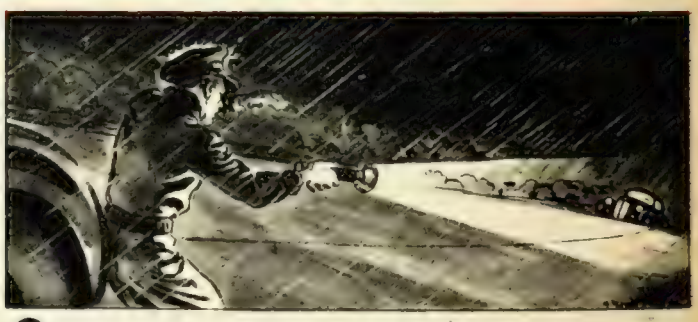

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half their time trying to prove to themselves how snappy they are. They're too busy, for one thing, and for another, they don't care."

Kathleen nodded. "These are the sure ones," she said.

"Yep," said Carol. "So am I, for that matter; so's Mansley, so's Johnsy, and so will you be. Sarah isn't. She's one of the others."

"*I* will be? How can I be? I'm just an orphan and I haven't anything at all."

Carol laughed. "It's how you happen to be born," she said. "With the right stuff or without it."

"Has Horace Quenton got it? You pick on him an awful lot."

Carol's voice was oddly different as she answered, softer and much more serious. "I don't know," she said. "I rather think so, but I'm trying to find out."

"Carol," Kathleen's voice dropped, to match, "it'll probably make him awfully miserable if he falls in love with you. It does people, you know."

"Does it make you miserable?"

"It did," said Kathleen, "when I was in love. But I—I'm not any more."

"Not till the next time he shows up," said Carol, "and turns on that dying-cat smile and begs you to forgive him. *I* know!"

"How?"

"Because I was in love with him myself, thank you."

Kathleen grabbed Carol's arm.

"Oh, Carol!" she said. "I'm sorry — gosh — I wouldn't have — I wouldn't be a snake in the grass for anything!"

"You didn't bust up anything, baby," said Carol. "I stopped it myself—a long time ago. I wouldn't marry that half-wit for all the oil in Mexico."

"You *wouldn't!*"

To Kathleen the idea of anybody being unwilling to marry Johnsy was unbelievable. Carol laughed.

"And be the queen of Hamilton City? And have him think of nothing but his factories and his workmen and their *large* families all the time we were home, and think of nothing but getting cockeyed drunk to forget them every time we took a vacation? Why, I'd ten times rather marry Horace Quenton, even if his friends do call him San."

KATHLEEN nodded. Carol noticed her mouth was pursed with thinking. She was afraid what she'd said had hurt. Kathleen had a disillusioned look. Carol was glad. She had been thinking that in this particular phase of the war between men and women, Johnsy Hamilton had an unfair amount of armament. His charm, his wealth could so easily blind Kathleen.

Carol had, of course, almost ruined Kathleen's day. Two things kept it from being spoiled entirely. One of them was that the coral bathing suit with the little rubber flowers was a howling success. The youth of Hobe Sound fell down and worshiped from almost the moment Kathleen stepped onto the beach. And afterward, when they were dressed, five of them wore little rubber flowers in their buttonholes. The other day-saving thing was when they came back from the beach and were walking toward the club and she and Carol came upon Seton Mansley. He and Quenton were pitching horseshoes against some of the men who had sat with them after lunch. Uncle Seton, Kathleen thought, looked extremely happy. She wondered if maybe pretty soon he would own the Hobe Sound Club. She thought it would be very nice if he did. She liked it there. Outside of Waterford, it was the only place she'd ever been to where she'd been made to feel at home.

ONCE again Johnsy Hamilton sat on the afterdeck of the Python watching the lights of the cars winking by on the shore road. He had been sitting there for a long time —ever since his taxi had dropped him off at the dock in the late afternoon. He had taken a cold shower and put on white Shantung-silk shorts and had then planted himself on the afterdeck. On the table at his side was, as always, an iced bottle of champagne, but he had hardly touched it. Alongside the bottle was a pad of paper. In his hand was a pencil, which he tapped on the table from time to time. His face wore an expression of concentration which would have been familiar to the men who worked with him at Hamilton City. To them it meant fireworks, the start of a campaign.

Even the sailor on watch by the gangway, and the deck steward, waiting with ice and champagne refills that weren't needed, recognized the expression. When, about the time Johnsy would usually be finishing his second bottle and had scarcely touched the first, he bent over the table and began to scribble frantically, the steward said, "Here she comes, Bill!" And the sailor nodded and said, "Right. Things'll hum at the factory now and we'll have the yacht to ourselves again—and about time too!"

A few minutes after this Johnsy got up and went into the smoking room where there was a telephone plugged through to the dock. The steward hurried to the afterdeck, partly to clean ash trays; mostly to get a quick gander at the campaign notes. He got it and immediately wished he hadn't. The steward, like so many really good personal servants, was a very finely balanced human mechanism. What he read threw his balance all out of whack and upset him, because he felt he couldn't possibly be reading what his eyes assured him he was reading.

What is Johnsy planning now? Why did his notes upset the steward? You will find out in next week's installment, in which Kathleen—and the Hobe Sound Club—get a big surprise.

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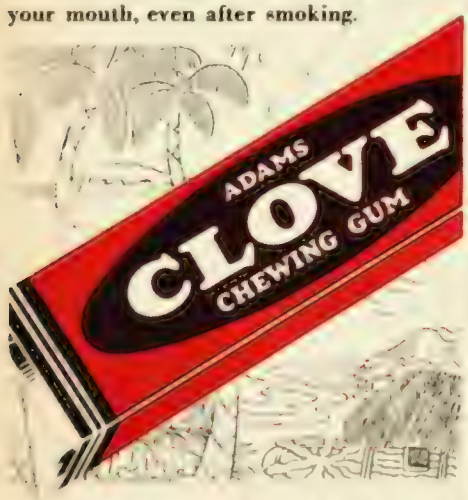

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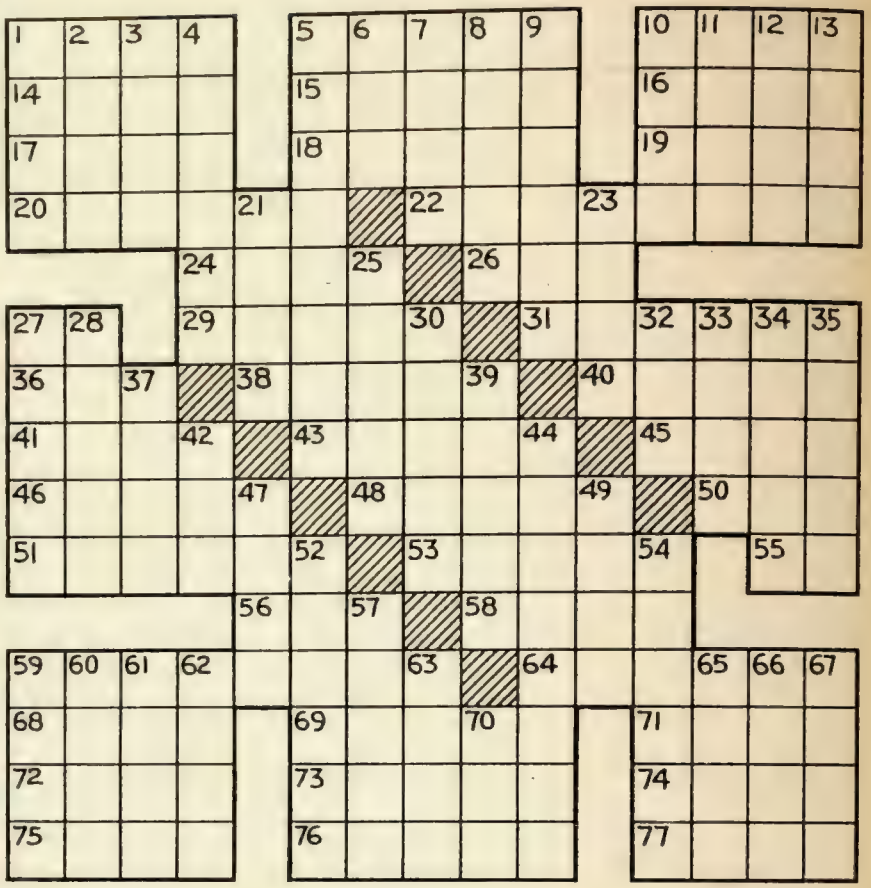
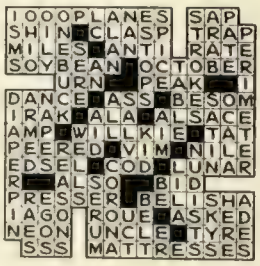
CROSSWORDS

By LEE PASQUIN



HORIZONTAL

1 High tableland
5 Obliterate
10 Ornamental knob
14 River in England
15 Narrow path (pl.)
16 Melody
17 Prefix: half
18 Decree
19 Indigo plant
20 Pertaining to deserts
22 Salt of stearic acid
24 Branches of academic learning
26 Place
27 Exist
29 Part of the back (pl.)
31 City in Alabama
36 Tree
38 Midday (pl.)
40 Pertaining to form
41 Apparatus
43 Small recess (pl.)
45 Asiatic desert
46 Eskimo boat
48 Plunders
50 Plot
51 Dwarf
53 Sandpiper
55 Prefix: back
56 Unit of force
58 Monkey
59 Pertaining to two lines
64 Dozed
68 Dry
69 Onward
71 Mountain lion
72 Bundle
73 Pith helmet
74 Island near England
75 Insect (pl.)
76 Velocity
77 Plexus



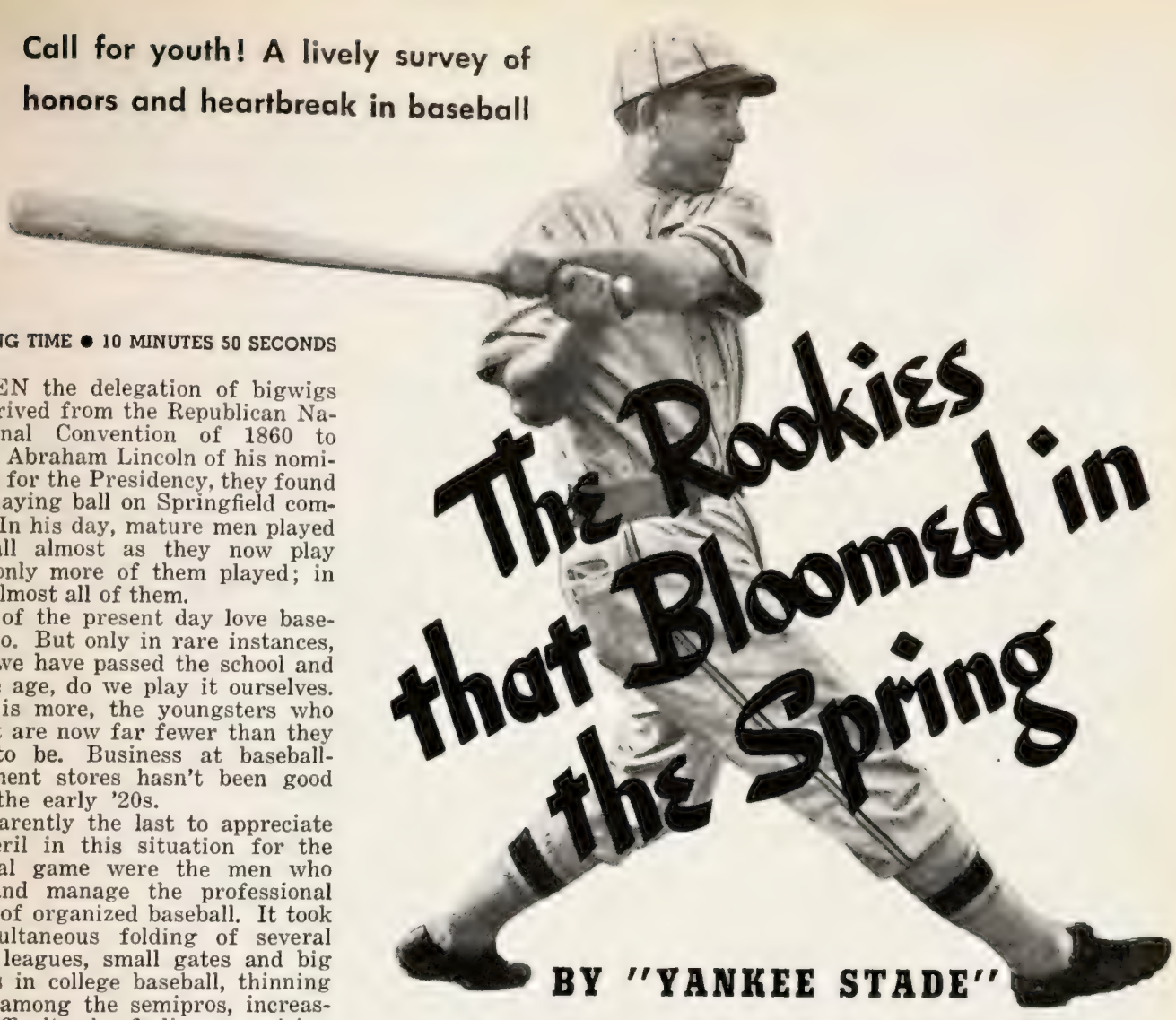
Last week's answer

VERTICAL

1 Constructed
2 Without end
3 Portion
4 Brute
5 Action of choosing a person for office
6 Sped
7 Genus of duck
8 Religious group (pl.)
9 Set a high value upon
10 Planet
11 Fish
12 Single item
13 Take out
21 Press
23 Particle
25 Pry
27 East Indian title
28 Fragrant resin
30 Breathe violently through the nose
32 Morass
33 Image
34 Work
35 Socially elect
37 Girl
39 Long-handled scoop used on ships
42 Piece of cloth
44 Washed with a jet of water
47 Sharp
49 Bristle
52 Entertains without cost to guest
54 Salmon after spawning
57 Dance
59 Eastern title of respect
60 Persia
61 Animated tune
62 Certain day of ancient Roman month
63 Thick cord
65 Unadulterated
66 Give forth
67 Inhabitant of a Scandinavian country
70 Born (Fr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Call for youth! A lively survey of honors and heartbreak in baseball



The Rookies that Bloomed in the Spring

BY "YANKEE STADE"

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

WHEN the delegation of bigwigs arrived from the Republican National Convention of 1860 to notify Abraham Lincoln of his nomination for the Presidency, they found him playing ball on Springfield common. In his day, mature men played baseball almost as they now play golf, only more of them played; in fact, almost all of them.

We of the present day love baseball too. But only in rare instances, after we have passed the school and college age, do we play it ourselves. What is more, the youngsters who play it are now far fewer than they used to be. Business at baseball-equipment stores hasn't been good since the early '20s.

Apparently the last to appreciate the peril in this situation for the national game were the men who own and manage the professional teams of organized baseball. It took a simultaneous folding of several minor leagues, small gates and big deficits in college baseball, thinning ranks among the semipros, increasing difficulty in finding promising recruits, and, finally, two bad seasons in their own ball parks to convince these men that the game which had long been their meal ticket might possibly vanish from the American scene.

Something had to be done about it—and something *was* done, with the result that, right alongside the decreasing number of young men who play the game for fun, we have a steadily increasing number who play it for profit.

In the two major and thirty minor leagues there are between 230 and 250 teams. Altogether, at least 5,000 individuals work at baseball for a living, while many times that number play the game on a semipro basis. In consequence, each year several thousand young men appear as candidates for baseball honors and honoraria. They are sifted until a residue of about 200 realize the rookie's dream of being taken South on a major-league training trip. Of these 200, less than fifty are chosen to make the long trek North; and by late May most of the fifty are usually back on the farm—meaning the baseball farms in the minor-league cities.

But this year not only were more youngsters deemed worthy of trial than ever before, but many of them were actually allowed to play ball.

With both the National and the American League staging close races, there has been less chance than usual to judge rookie pitchers. When the race is close, managers tend to rely on veterans. However, Marvin Breuer of the Yankees and Herb Hash of the Red Sox have fairly well lived up to their enthusiastic advance notices. Of the others who bloomed most brightly in the spring, Mickey Harris and Wilburn Butland of the Red Sox have shown commendable promise. Red Barrett and Johnny Hutchings of the Reds have as yet scarcely broken into the averages. Carl Doyle of Brooklyn, still untried, was shipped to St. Louis in the Medwick deal. Sid Hudson has become one of Washington's leading pitchers.

Among the less ballyhooed recruits, Mooty and Raffensberger of the Cubs, Niggeling and Bildilli of the Browns, Gorsica and Newhouser of the Tigers, and Masterson of the Senators have all turned in some first-class performances.

In general, the average quality is not only higher than usual, but the number who have stuck in the big leagues exceeds all previous records.

Now let us look at the non-pitchers. Of a list of especially promising young players chosen by experts and widely publicized last April, Bob Kennedy is playing regularly; Mickey Witek is getting a second trial; two others—Johnny Rucker and Dom DiMaggio, Joe's younger brother—are still with their teams; and one, Bob Sturgeon, who was to fill that big hole as shortstop for the Cubs, is back in minor-league ball, batting a mere .242 for Jersey City. Until the injury to his ankle, Pee Wee Reese was playing regularly with his team.

Dom DiMaggio and Johnny Rucker are typical of the uncertainty which hangs over a rookie's debut. Even the most conservative of the baseball reporters went "all out" for these two in advance. Veteran managers, who as a rule are so cautious, seemed to agree wholeheartedly with the scribes. Joe Cronin, Red Sox impresario, thought so well of Dom that he sold his veteran outfield star, Joe Vosmik, to make room for him, and Bill Terry of the Giants announced that Rucker was to be his regular fielder for 1940.

And what happened?

Dom DiMaggio went to the side lines with an ankle injury which forced Cronin to start his utility outfielder, Lou Finney, who had been around a long time without setting the baseball world on fire. Finney proceeded to bang the ball at a .400

clip and for a time he led the American League in batting. Moreover, pressing Lou in the slugging race are his Boston outfield mates, Ted Williams and Roger Cramer. Now Dom, fully recovered, is playing center field with good effect.

Johnny Rucker's case is quite different. Starting the season as the Giants' lead-off man, the Georgia hillbilly could never seem to get going. Against big-league pitching he accumulated the pitiful average of .191, and in the field he became so jittery that, after just nine games, Terry benched him in favor of the veteran Frank Demaree. Thenceforth, Johnny did most of his ball-playing in the Giant dugout.

A supplementary preseason list of eight promising players, compiled by the same experts, fared slightly better, chiefly because it included three men who, at the end of last season, had already had a chance to show what they could do in fast company. These three, Young of the Giants and Elliott and Van Robays of the Pirates, are still playing regularly. So are these others—Al Rubeling of the Athletics and Walter Judnich of the Browns, Pofahl of the Senators, and Mike McCormick of the Reds. Dallessandro of the Cubs has still to clinch a permanent berth. Of the eight, only Young has penetrated the charmed circle of .300 hitters.

MEANWHILE, five rookies who did not appear on either list have crashed through to regular positions. These five—Ross and Rowell of the Braves, Marion and Orengo of the Cards, and Gustine of the Pirates—are playing heads-up ball in the field and slamming the sphere for a combined average of .330.

To these outstanding performances should be added those of Lou Boudreau and Ray Mack of Cleveland, who were pressed into big-time service in the middle of last season.

Technically non-rookie also is Benny McCoy, who played fifty-five games for Detroit last year, batting .315. This year he has not yet hit that pace for Connie Mack, but he's doing all right at second base.

No rookie round-up would be complete without the annual check on the much checked career of Vincent Paul DiMaggio, brother of Joe and Dom. Vince can do everything that Joe can except lead the league in batting, and he might do that, too, if they didn't count a strike-out as a time at bat. This year, after more than a month on the Cincinnati bench, he was traded to the Pirates. At this writing his batting average is resting peacefully in the usual .279 slot, but the percentage of home runs and runs batted in has been steadily climbing. And his fielding must be a great comfort to Frankie Frisch.

These sophomores, together with Barney McCosky who continues his heavy hitting for Detroit, star shortstop Eddie Miller of the Bees, Charley Keller of the Yankees, Bill Nicholson of the Cubs and, of course, Ted Williams, are further evidence of the fact that every year produces its new stars.

Paradoxical, therefore, is the word for baseball. As a national pastime it has slipped a long way. As a national amusement it has steadily mounted—in attendance, in profits, in skill. And behind this paradox lies the dramatic story of a successful switch from neglect to preparedness on the part of the rulers of the national game.

When at last the moguls realized that the game was slipping, they acted quickly. Semipro baseball, which they had discouraged, they now cultivated assiduously with financial support to help the future greats form leagues and conduct national tournaments. Famous former heroes like Honus Wagner and George Sisler have been commandeered to preside over these activities.

Large sums were contributed to the American Legion for the promotion of sand-lot baseball. Baseball schools were encouraged to spring up all over the country, especially in the South, where spring training is now available for every baseball hopeful who has the price. This summer one of these schools, with Babe Ruth as instructor, has been barnstorming throughout the Middle West.

THE World's Fairs have been used as recruiting stations and training camps. In New York, a regular school is run under the supervision of Harry "Moose" McCormick, old-time Giant pinch hitter extraordinary. And, with the assistance of commercial sponsors, the leagues now produce each year motion pictures in which the great current figures of the game appear. These pictures have been seen by more than fifteen million people. Then there is the now quite general practice of admitting youngsters free to big-league games on certain days of the week. In one season alone, the New York Yankees admit about 350,000 youthful guests.

By these and similar methods the big leagues are beginning to get the boys out on the lots again—and the clubs now employ a small army of expert scouts who tour the country looking for unusual talent on the corner lots and in the semipro parks. The scouts also cover the baseball games of schools and colleges. Thus Bob Feller was discovered while still in high school, and thus Torby Macdonald, famed Harvard football and baseball player, was snapped up at the end of his college career.

Sometimes, as in Feller's case, the school or college or semipro players are far enough advanced to merit an immediate trial by a big-league team. Usually, however, they require from one to five years of careful professional training in the minor leagues. And even when fully ready, they may not yet be needed by the major-league club to which they belong.

After baseball began to feel the depression pinch, the ownership and management of teams in the smaller leagues fell more and more into the hands of the owners and managers of teams in the bigger ones. In fact, enterprising owner-managers soon began competing for control of clubs in the minors, so that promising players discovered and placed under contract by the big club could be farmed out to them. Thus chain-store baseball was born.

From the standpoint of organized baseball, the chain system has many advantages to recommend it. If the big boss in Brooklyn or Detroit or Boston or St. Louis decides that his veteran second baseman is due to slip, he sends out word to his farm managers to concentrate on the development of a second baseman. Every promising infielder in the chain is tried at that position, with the chances very good that the best man will be ready to step into the departing hero's shoes.

The system also has its disadvantages, mostly from the player's standpoint. He is often held back in a minor-league job while other major-league clubs are clamoring for a man of just his abilities.

FOR better or worse, however, it is by the chain that the great majority of our 200 spring-training rookies are annually hoisted, and it is because of the chain system's training that the average skill of these newcomers has risen with each successive year.

Hidden away on minor-league teams are a lot of boys who will be playing on big-league teams just as soon as their chains will let them. Gerry Priddy's side-kick, shortstop Phil Rizzuto, is almost his equal in the field and possibly his superior at the plate. The moment light-hitting Frankie Crosetti slows up in the Yankee infield, one of these boys will slip into the line-up.

The Cubs have a prize shortstop out on the Coast in Harvey Storey. If his broken leg heals properly he'll be fighting next year with other hopefuls for a berth in the Chicago infield.

And on orders from Boston, Lefty O'Doul, manager of the San Francisco Seals, is fattening up a pitcher named Larry Powell who, it is believed, needs only a few more pounds behind his fast one.

Other "future greats" are Socko Rocco, young Nashville violinist-first baseman; heavy-hitting outfielder Willard Marshall of Atlanta; Howard Pollet, the most promising southpaw to come out of Texas since Carl Hubbell; Hank Borowy, now pitching one-hitters for Newark; and slugging outfielder Lou Novikoff of the Los Angeles Angels.

All or most of these grand young players will be up there fighting for places in the big-league line-ups when April comes again. Where they will be when July rolls around again is another question!

THE END

What am I living for?

I felt fine. And then she sprang this: "You're going to have a strike, dad."

MARGARET'S REVOLT

BY AN ECONOMIC ROYALIST AS TOLD TO GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

An American business man continues his revealing chronicle of bewildered living

READING TIME • 13 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

As appeared last week, this manufacturer, proud of his company's record of good faith with its employees, is dazed and disheartened by New Deal and labor-union interference as well as by his daughter's radical ideas.

WELL, here I am in my room in a Washington hotel. It's been a tough week. Surrounded by lawyers, auditors, public relations counsel, I've been trying to get the government off my neck. But it's still there.

As I told you, my daughter Margaret puzzles me more than any one or anything else does. If I tell you her complete story, you'll see why.

Back in the spring of 1917, when father was found at peace in his bed, forever gone from us, I learned that Helen and I were to have a child. I had to take over in the company. Things piled up, because we were going into the war. Every day machine tools became more precious, and the Clarke Machine Tool Company was growing by leaps and bounds. We all worked day and night. I had to rush around a lot—New York, Washington, even London. It was a hard time for a wife to be so much alone, without her husband. But Helen was patient as well as brave.

It was a great time to be in business. We were building. We were doing things. Money kept pouring in.

And Margaret arrived.

I suppose I'd never had any idea what it would mean to me to have a child of my own. When I was away,

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I never could get back to Akron fast enough. I had to be sure that nothing had happened to the little kid while I was away. I had to hold her.

Never in all the years have I changed my feeling toward Margaret. When she was a child she showed her love for me. Then came those years when she was shy. And then she was more grown up, and I was prouder of her than ever.

And I could work. All my ambitions were centered in her and Junior. I was working for them.

Margaret went to Smith. And then for the first time, I discovered that I didn't know my little girl. Something had happened to her. She had read books even the titles of which were strange to me. She had interests far away from the family and the business. I was puzzled, but Helen would say:

"Let her alone. She's developing her personality. Girls take on moods that men never understand."

At the time when all this was happening, we were in the middle of the depression. It was Franklin Roosevelt's first term, and I woke every morning with a headache. Nobody was buying machine tools. The only reason we kept even a skeleton crew working was that I just couldn't see the old-timers starve. So it was no time for me to break my head about Margaret.

Still, I was pretty shocked to discover in the spring of 1935 that my little girl had joined one of these seminar courses of boys and girls that hop around the world in tourist cabins, finding out what's going on. It just didn't strike me as decent. But Helen said, "Let her go. The young people of this generation want to learn firsthand."

"But why won't she go with you if she wants to see Europe?" I demanded.

"It isn't the way she wants to see the world," Helen replied. "I'd bore her. She wants to be with youth."

TO me, it all seemed nonsense. But lots of things I thought were nonsense were being advocated even by the President. Maybe the world was topsy-turvy. Or could it be that I was out of step?

Anyway, Margaret went on this seminar trip to Europe and wound up in Soviet Russia, where she went all haywire about the theater. Good Lord, you'd have thought we didn't have any plays or actors or anything back here in America! I've never seen this Moscow Art Theater, but I'm willing to bet even money that they haven't a thing there on some of our theaters and actors. However, I don't pretend to be a dramatic critic or anything like that. I've been busy building a business.

Well, when Margaret came back from Russia she wouldn't go to Smith any more, because she needed more self-expression. She needed to free her personality, she said. So I asked, "Free it from what?" and here's what she answered: "From the shackles of a misspent childhood."

You could have pushed me over with a piece of advertising copy. Imagine, her misspent childhood! Why, there isn't a thing on earth that could be given to a child that Margaret wasn't given. I'd have sent an expedition to the South Pole to get her a stuffed penguin if she'd asked for it. But no! She was stuck with a misspent childhood! So we fixed her up at Bennington.

Helen went there with her and was most favorably impressed by the plant. I don't know much about colleges myself, although I've given them plenty of money in my day. But Helen told me that this one was a good place for Margaret to be at, because it was different. She could dance and write poetry and, if there was anything in her, she'd have a chance to bring it out.

I'M no prude. But I'd never figured on my daughter being a dancer. Well, I thought, maybe she'll get over that. As for poetry, unless somebody sings it, it doesn't seem to make much sense to me. Still, if my girl was going to be a dancer and a poet, that was that. All I could hope for was that some decent, clean-shaven American would fall in love with her before some of these hazy ideas did her too much damage. But it hasn't worked out that way yet.

Instead, in the summer of 1936 she went off with a seminar to China. And the next thing I knew, she'd chucked Bennington too, and she announced that she was going to live—and live alone—in New York in a converted stable in Greenwich Village.

"What for?" I asked.

"To write," she answered.

"Why not write here?" I asked.

"Sorry, dad," she said. "It just can't be done. Too many distractions. Besides, I need to know life, to know workingmen and workingwomen."

"Well," I said, "you've got plenty of working people here. They work for the Clarke Machine Tool Company. Some of them knew your grandfather. They all know me. Some of them knew you when you were two weeks old."

"That's just it," she said softly. "They're yours. They belong to you. That's just why I don't want to stay here. They'll never be frank with me. They'll distrust me. I don't want them to think of me as a class enemy. I want to go where I'm not known, where I can be a comrade. In these days of revolution we of the upper classes must recognize that a new day is dawning, and instead of blocking the revolt of the masses, we should welcome it as the next stage."

My own daughter telling me this kind of stuff to my face! Why, if she'd eloped with the chauffeur, she wouldn't have hit me harder!

"Listen, sister," I said when I could. "I don't know what all this is about. I've always said that if you got into any trouble, I'd stand by you. And I'll stand by you now. But

I've got to say I can't make you out."

She kissed me and called me a dear, and that was the end of that. She moved to New York and became a comrade. Sometimes when I was in New York we'd dine together and I'd take her to the theater. But other times she said she was too busy. She had meetings, engagements, and so on. She never introduced me to her friends.

I'm not exactly a dope. In my time I've had to deal with workers, labor leaders, racketeers, lawyers, bankers, government officials—all kinds of people. I've learned a lot about human nature and, if I do say it myself, I've been pretty tolerant. But here was something I just couldn't get my teeth into. What was eating the girl? I couldn't make any sense out of any of it. Helen once explained it this way: "Girls aren't the way they used to be in my day. Nowadays they want to have their fling at life, to make sure that they know exactly what to expect of life."

NOW, I've been married to Helen more than a quarter of a century, but somehow I couldn't get myself to ask her the one question that I wanted answered. But she must have read my thoughts.

"I don't think you need worry about Margaret's morals," she said. "Girls these days don't concern themselves with the flashy side of sex problems the way they did in the jazz age. They are very critical of that era in American life and of us. They hate this depression and they disbelieve in us because we didn't save them from it. They don't like it that the boys they want to marry can't afford to marry them. The right kind of girl dislikes bringing her boy a dowry; she would rather move down to where he's more comfortable with her."

That didn't seem to me to be any answer at all. It just meant nothing to me. Here, I thought, was something that a father ought to have something to say about. Yet Helen insisted that I promise her not to go down to see Margaret unless I was invited. I felt like a pup when she said that. It was like telling me that I might break in on something I ought not to see.

Well, I *was* invited one evening. I was invited to come down and have dinner. The place was so small the two of us filled it. The old rafters were sticking out from the old roof. There was a davenport, which was the only thing you could sleep on. In a corner was a tiny kitchen where you could open a can. I was told the place was artistic and had atmosphere, so I agreed. I was ready to agree to everything because business was picking up and, besides, Margaret was still my daughter.

We got to be quite chummy that night. Margaret somehow cooked up a really good dinner, and she'd bought my own brand of cigar. I stretched out on the davenport and felt fine. This girl of mine, I couldn't help thinking, is a chip off the old block. Maybe she just wants to prove that she can do what her grandmother did. But what's the need of it?

Well, we got to talking about politics and business. And then she sprang this: "You know you're going to have a strike, dad."

"You're crazy," I said. "My men won't strike. Why, I still pay the highest wages in our industry and we haven't laid off any of the married men who had families to support. What would they strike for?"

"Your higher salary is just paternalism, dad," she replied. "The worker doesn't want a higher salary because you pay it. He wants to get his rights through organization."

"What in the name of heaven are you talking about?" I asked.

"The workers," she said, "have been ordered by the government to organize."

"When and where did the government do any such thing?" I asked with considerable heat.

"If you'd only stop treating me

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like a child, I'd help you," she said with equal heat. "Maybe I can save you from a lot of trouble."

"Look here, Margaret," I said. "I know we've sort of drifted away from each other. But I can't make up my mind if you're just perverse or if you hate me. I'd like to know."

A funny thing happened then. She came over, kissed me, and said:

"Poor dear, you're so old-fashioned. I don't hate you. In fact, I love you. But we're class enemies."

I didn't know what to say to her or how to say it. If I played the heavy father, she might laugh at me. All I could do was to sit back a while and think. Then I said:

"Margaret, my love, tell me what you mean by a class enemy."

"You're an employer," she replied. "An enemy of the working class."

"And you're one of the aforementioned working class?" I tried to say it jokingly.

"I have gone over to the people," she replied.

"But we're all Americans," I threw in, to see what would happen.

"That's irrelevant," she said. "The fact is that you've made millions and the men who work for you barely subsist."

"Granted for argument's sake that you're right, what have I done with the millions?" I asked quietly.

"What difference does that make?" Margaret responded quickly.

"Well," I said, "let me tell you what has been done with the earnings of the Clarke Machine Tool Company. A small part of it—perhaps over the past fifty years an average of five per cent—has been taken out in the form of profits. That, we in the Clarke family have. The rest has all gone back into the business. Today there are, on and off, four thousand employees. It costs us about six thousand dollars to make a job for a worker—an additional six thousand invested in plant, equipment, or something. That's where most of the earnings have gone, making jobs for people. Last year we spent more than one hundred and fifty thousand on research alone. What for? To get some new products, make new jobs. Yet you accuse me of being a class enemy. You don't know what you're talking about. If you want to know about the Clarke Machine Tool Company, come into it. I'll give you a job. I'll give you a chance to convince yourself."

"It isn't necessary," she said. "I'm familiar with the figures you cite, and against them I balance my experience as your child compared with the income and experience of workers' families. And I know that you, to say the least, have more than they have—too much more."

"Why do I have it?" I asked.

"Oh, I know. You've worked hard for Junior and me," she said. "But I'm not grateful for the opportunity to participate in the profits of human exploitation."

"Margaret, I don't want to quarrel with you," I finally said. "Let's leave it at that. We don't talk the same language. If everybody followed your ideas, the world would stand still. There would be no incentive to work, no ambition, no purpose. Your grandfather and I built an industry that gives work to four thousand people, and we are entitled to some compensation for our nerve, our energy, our initiative, and our brains. You don't think so and I can't convince you. If you were just a Red agitator, I'd tell you to go to blazes. But I can't. I can't tell you anything. I've got to take it on the chin because some-

GABRIEL HEATTER

ON THE AIR for Liberty

Every Thursday and Saturday

DRAMATIZING INTERNATIONAL NEWS SITUATIONS!

	P.M.		P.M.
Boston	WAAB 9:00 E.S.T.	Minneapolis	KSTP 10:15 C.S.T.
Buffalo	WKBW 9:00 E.S.T.	New York	WOR 9:00 E.S.T.
Chicago	WGN 8:00 C.S.T.	Philadelphia	WFIL 9:00 E.S.T.
Cleveland	WHK 9:00 E.S.T.	St. Louis	KWK 8:00 C.S.T.
Detroit	WXYZ 9:00 E.S.T.	Washington, D.C.	WOL 9:00 E.S.T.

*Los Angeles *San Diego *San Francisco

*See local paper for time and station.

where down the line your mother and I made some awful mistakes, or you wouldn't be like this today. But I want you to know that I love you just the same and always will."

I kissed her good-by and started to walk down the stairs. "Don't forget what I told you about the strike!" she shouted. "It's sure coming!"

And I didn't forget. That strike was the toughest chestnut I have had to crack in years. I still have a case pending in the courts on account of it. I'll tell you about it some time. You won't believe half of what I tell you, and I can't tell it all, because some of it was so awful, it just can't be told. Fantastic—that is the only adjective that fits that strike.

What had me puzzled throughout the whole affair was how Margaret knew that we would have a strike before any of us did, even though we have special departments that concern themselves with such questions. There is more to this than meets the eye, but I can't take the time off to find out about it. I seem to have no time for anything but inquiries, investigations, inquisitions. Yet—*why* don't I have time? What am I living for, anyway?

[More revelations by this Economic Royalist in Liberty next week.]

HOW THE Gestapo WORKS

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

The Gestapo fetched out every tenth man and put him against the wall.

An amazing disclosure of world-wide menace and the little-known super-Nazi who directs it

ADMIRAL CANARIS has his financiers and his underworldlings on call in every one of the world's seaports. He employs bankers and beggars, professors and chorus girls, bootblacks, chemists, officers—his own and others. He is the head of the German War Espionage.

His name is anxiously kept from the public. Nevertheless, there is no more influential man in Germany, probably few in the world. He has made his career in the political underworld. After the first World War, in which he served as Lieutenant Captain of the Imperial Navy, he was in touch with the gangs of professional soldiers that murdered from ambush the first statesmen of the Republic—Erzberger, Rathenau, and others. Naturally, his path was bound to lead him to Hitler. But he has never been active in the party. He has never delivered a public address. Never has his picture appeared in a German paper.

There is one man who knows Canaris. He knows those cold fish eyes that stare expressionlessly through the monocle. He knows the low-pitched voice, the plain blue uniform before which he himself always feels cornered somehow, despite his black carnival costume with its silver death's-heads. He would really like to put Canaris before the firing squad, but Admiral Canaris is one of the six or seven persons in Germany who are beyond the reach of this man.

The man is Heinrich Himmler, head of the Gestapo. Between him and the director of German war espionage there is the subtle rivalry that exists between hissing serpents. In six years of unrestrained power Mr. Himmler has built up the most frightful police machine that ever terrorized a country. And now he must sit passively by while his own weapon is twisted from his hand almost overnight. At the outbreak of hostilities the Gestapo was militarized and put under the orders of the War Espionage command.

The Gestapo is still a monstrous octopus holding Germany in its iron grip. It is the army that, in Himmler's words, fights on the inner front, where Germany's fate will finally be decided. It has three hundred thousand agents on its pay rolls, and controls millions of more or less voluntary spies in addition. Every German school child that reports defeatist remarks of its parents, and is rewarded for it with a Poniard of Honor in the Hitler Youth, becomes a spy for the Gestapo.

In the first stage of the war the Gestapo beat down the first attempts at sabotage by the workers in the Ruhr mines and the great German shipyards. It fetched out every tenth man from the barracks of the Austrian garrisons—in Linz, Graz, Klagenfurt—and put him against the wall when mutiny broke about among the underfed soldiers. It literally depopulated rebellious Czechish cities like Tabor and Kladno, whose entire population is now working in chain gangs in the Polish swamps. It has been victorious all along the line—where it has met with no resistance.

Abroad, however, the Gestapo has been a total failure.

In London there is a copy of a document that was not cheaply come by. It cost a man of whom nothing remains but the number X23—not even honorable mention in the casualty list—his life. The document is signed by Admiral Canaris, and is a devastating criticism of the Gestapo's foreign labors. Probably Canaris is the only man in Germany who would dare sign such a report.

The Gestapo, we read, knows nothing of military questions and nothing of foreign psychology. Its anti-Communistic terror was so clumsy that it almost broke the delicate web woven to Russia by German general staff

BY RENÉ KRAUS

officers. In America it used the most impossible creatures and became a public laughingstock. In Alsace-Lorraine, during the very days when the Führer was protesting that he wanted not a foot of French soil, the Gestapo distributed maps showing the country in German possession.

For eighty-four closely typed pages the document sits in judgment upon the Gestapo. Even its unsupervised management of money is pilloried. "At a time when every penny of foreign exchange counts doubly and tenfold, there is no sense in maintaining costly salons where nobody of importance goes any longer."

NATURALLY, the struggle for money that rends the Nazi Party is behind this struggle for power as well. According to an estimate by the American Institute for Propaganda Analysis, the Hitler government has spent at least a hundred million dollars a year for "work abroad." The Propaganda Ministry controlled the smaller part of this enormous fund; the larger share was at the disposal of the Gestapo. It is not a bad deal for Admiral Canaris. With his personal emissaries supervising the various Gestapo departments, German war espionage has unlimited means at its disposal.

According to a list of the British Department for Overseas Trade, over three hundred new firms dealing principally with Germany have been organized recently, although German foreign trade has declined more than fifty per cent, owing to the blockade. Naturally, these are almost without exception new manifestations of German war espionage. Holland was overrun with such firms; so was Belgium. Switzerland and Italy have them, as has the United States.

It is no longer a matter of military secrets, plans of invasion, airplane models, schedules of freighters, and such matters alone. In addition to espionage there is sabotage—and that is where America comes in.

Canaris is an old hand in the game. During the first World War he visited America at least twice, once under the name of Otto Seliger, the second time, ironically, as Moses Meyerbeer, music dealer. The musical Mr. Meyerbeer was involved at that time in a fantastic conspiracy. In Chicago, Illinois, of all places, a committee was formed for the purpose of separating India from the British Empire. The affair was soon discovered by the authorities and Moses Meyerbeer disappeared. He was heard of but once more: when the Canadian Car and Foundry Company plant blew up, and the laborer who planted the fatal bombs, supposedly at German instigation, tried in his innocence to remember just one German acquaintance. The man must have been a Jew, he thought, and his name was Meyerblum or Meyerbaum—or maybe Meyerbeer.

Before America entered the last war, a wave of sabotage went over this country, culminating in the terrible explosion on Black Tom Island. "This time we are very ready to crack down on saboteurs on a nation-wide scale if subversive activities increase," the then Attorney General Murphy said some months ago, and added: "This time there will be no blowing up of plants right and left."

Nonetheless, there seems to have been far more serious mischief of this kind going on than the public knows. The F. B. I. in Washington understandably refrains from statements that would not only serve to inform the public but also give valuable hints to organized sabotage. The fight in the dark has to be carried out silently by the forces of order. It can, however, be reported without indiscretion that the G-men have a special division to combat German sabotage in America, that has been at work now for some months. Furthermore, a group of industrialists in Cleveland has organized a safety council to prevent sabotage, a step taken with encouragement of the Navy Intelligence Service. President Roosevelt, too, has demanded a hunt for saboteurs, and asserts that it is the duty of labor and of industry to help the government ferret them out.

It can hardly be supposed, however, that German sabotage will be frightened off by mere words. It has bearded the lion in his den. At the very beginning of the war, bombs with time ignition were found in the plant of Schneider-Creusot, the largest French armament factory, and some workers at a great English chemical plant became ill, with suspicious symptoms of gassing. The experts have no doubt that there were foreign hands in both dirty games.

Will the German underworld characters that have pushed forward to the centers of enemy production have respect for American neutrality?

In the last war they had none. From 1914 to 1917 there were no fewer than 140 attempts made upon American factories, communications, and harbor facilities. Have the farmers depending on the export of their products, the industrialists and workers engaged in our export industry any less reason to fear Admiral Canaris, if he now invades America?

ESPIONAGE and sabotage are lawless trades. Even in Himmler's nervous hands they were a fearful weapon. If Admiral Canaris strikes now, beyond question the blow will be delivered with utmost brutality—and yet with extreme skill. The admiral is a man of the old school who believes in the advantages of experience. In his Berlin office he has assembled a number of his former colleagues. Captain Reichenbach is back in service, Prince Alexander Leiningen, the lame "Krunkel"—all old friends with a wealth of American experience behind them.

For the dirty work Canaris is recruiting young people who have been exchange students at American colleges. All the German university students to whom that applies have received letters requesting them to report to 19 Bülowstrasse, Berlin—the office of the Transatlantic G. m. b. H., one of the subdivisions of Group A—A is for America—in the German Information Service.

One of the least savory aspects of the camouflaged Nazi attack that America must expect is its connection with Communism. At this writing Commissar Tamirow of the Ogpu is staying in Berlin. A few months ago Mr. Himmler described him as the "worst bloodhound of the Russian bloody police." Today he is a guest of honor of the Gestapo. It is Tamirow's job to co-ordinate the underground foreign work of the Gestapo and the Ogpu. He has always been a believer in alliances. He was kicked out of London some months ago for trying to get the British Intelligence Service to finance sabotage against the Hermann Goering Works in Essen and Linz.

Russian influences will be brought to bear to win the American workingman for the criminal German campaign of sabotage. That they will fail is a matter of course, owing to the reasonableness and the strength of character that distinguish American labor. Nevertheless, the attempts will be made. In other countries they have succeeded. "Heil Hitler!" a Communist crowd recently shouted before the German Embassy at Belgrade, Yugoslavia. "With Hitler to Moscow!"

AMERICA is not Yugoslavia. The brown-red demoralizing of the masses will not be simple here, and Canaris knows it. The admiral is playing on two boards at once. While his creatures are looking for poor demented devils who are inclined to risk the lives of their fellow workmen for a few paltry dollars, one of his closest associates, Colonel von Münchow, is running the "German-American Studies Committee" in a luxurious villa in Berlin. This is a meeting place for the people who count, in so far as they have connections or interests in America—bankers, professors, shipowners, merchants, diplomats. Here the finer webs are woven. Here, above all, prominent Americans are being sought—Americans who might have a good word to say for the German cause, or spare dollars to give.

Heinrich Himmler—who has always remained plebeian, could never have got together such a select group. His heavy gauche voice still echoes from the German radio: "England will get no planes across the ocean; our submarines will take care of that. And America will deliver no planes; the American people will take care of that."

Admiral Canaris does not make radio speeches. He prefers noiseless methods. He is very sure of himself.

Perhaps that is because he has never made the personal acquaintance of our own Mr. J. Edgar Hoover.

THE END

Liberty's Patriotic United States Constitution Quiz Contest

PRIZE SCHEDULE

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	250
THIRD PRIZE	100
FOURTH PRIZE	50
FIFTY PRIZES, each $10	500
220 PRIZES, each $5	1,100
TOTAL PRIZES	$2,500

WITH the Presidential campaign rapidly building up to its climax, more and more of us are finding increased interest in federal affairs and in the document which the Founding Fathers drew up as the basic code of this commonwealth. Are you, yourself, as familiar with the Constitution as you should be? Can you discuss basic questions of personal rights, of executive, legislative, and judicial conduct intelligently? Liberty presents this contest as a worth-while means of gaining a general knowledge of the Constitution, with the added incentive of substantial cash awards for the best sets of answers to the quiz.

You still have time to enter and to win, but we suggest that you delay no longer. This is the fifth week. Get into the contest today. Begin by reading the brief Rules carefully.

Then clip the panel of questions at the right, below, paste them at the top of a sheet of paper, and write your answers underneath. Do not send in any answers until the end of the contest, when your group of thirteen sets of answers will be complete.

In the meantime, if you require the first four sets of questions, reprints are available upon written request to the address in Rule 8, enclosing five cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing.

If you desire a copy of the Constitution to keep with your contest material for ready reference, Liberty can supply it. Mail your request as directed above and enclose ten cents in stamps for handling and mailing costs.

UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION QUIZ

No. 5

1. With what Article or Amendment of the Constitution does the statement in the above illustration conflict?
2. Article No. 4 of the Constitution deals with what broad subject?
3. When does a proposed Amendment become an Amendment in fact and, as such, a part of the Constitution?
4. For what reasons may the President, Vice-President, and all civil officers of the United States be impeached?
5. Where and why does the Constitution perpetuate the right of the people to keep and bear arms?

THE RULES

1. Each week for thirteen weeks, ending with the issue dated December 7, 1940, Liberty will publish a set of questions on the Constitution of the United States.
2. To compete, simply clip the coupon containing the questions, paste it at the top of a sheet of paper, and write the answers in numerical order underneath. In answering, wherever possible state first the Article of the Constitution, second the Section, and finally, while you are not restricted as to the number of words you can use, for the sake of brevity use the fewest words possible, preferably words selected direct from the Constitution. When answers are found in the Amendments, substitute the word "Amendment" for "Article" when writing your answers.
3. Do not send in answers until the end of the contest, when you will have a set of thirteen coupons and the requisite answers. Then enter them as a unit. Individual coupons and answers cannot be accepted.
4. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
5. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.
6. Entries will be judged upon the accuracy and logic of the answers given.
7. On this basis, the best entry will be awarded the $500 First Prize. The second, third, and fourth best entries will be awarded the $250 Second Prize, $100 Third Prize, and $50 Fourth Prize, in the order of their excellence. The fifty next best entries will receive $10 each, and the 220 next best entries will be awarded $5 each. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.
8. All entries must be submitted by First Class mail, addressed to Constitution Quiz Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
9. To be considered, all entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, Wednesday, December 18, 1940, the closing date of this contest.

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

When America

★ ★ ★ THE HOWARDS OF VIRGINIA

THE PLAYERS: Cary Grant, Martha Scott, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Alan Marshal, Richard Carlson, Paul Kelly, Irving Bacon, Elisabeth Risdon, Anne Revere, Richard Alden, Phil Taylor, Rita Quigley, Richard Lyon, Jane Hedin, Libby Taylor, Richard Gaines, George Houston, Ralph Byrd, Dickie Jones, Buster Phelps, Wade Boteler, Mary Field, R. Wells Gordon, Charles Francis. Screen play by Sidney Buchman, based on Elizabeth Page's novel, The Tree of Liberty. Directed by Frank Lloyd. Produced by Columbia. Running time, 122 minutes.

HOLLYWOOD has a weakness for epics, so right now, what better than Elizabeth Page's best seller, The Tree of Liberty, which pictures how a husky frontiersman swept the lovely belle of the aristocratic Peyton family off her feet, married her, and took her to the wilderness of Virginia. In the midst of carving out an estate in the primeval forest, the young pioneer wife encountered a tough interlude, for husband Matt Howard was off to fight with Washington. Eventually there's Cornwallis' surrender at Yorktown—and a happy fade-out.

Director Frank Lloyd went to great pains to get his pre-Revolutionary backgrounds just right, moved his whole company, principals and equipment, to reconstructed Williamsburg. These details have historic flavor and interest, but the story gets pretty well cluttered up. The film is too long, the yarn grows dull at times.

Cary Grant does rugged Matt Howard; Martha Scott (so good in Our Town) is his bride. They're both fairly satisfactory. Sir Cedric Hardwicke does the heroine's clubfooted snobbish elder brother, and out of history stalk such folk as the youthful Jefferson and the fiery Patrick Henry. A "best performance" to the late John D. Rockefeller's tasteful restaging of Williamsburg.

All this has sweep, color, detail, but the emotions seem remote and pale.

VITAL STATISTICS: John D. Rockefeller, Sr., spent more than $20,000,000 providing the backgrounds. He expended that much restoring Virginia's historic Williamsburg to its pre-Revolutionary appearance, and in April, director Frank Lloyd shot a lot of the exteriors in the reconstructed ancient capital that Sir Christopher Wren knew. Hundreds of townspeople and students of William and Mary College helped. . . . For other scenes Lloyd took his company to Santa Cruz, California. . . . Joan Fontaine originally was scheduled to do the heroine. Too ill, however, so Martha Scott moved in.

★ ★ ★ HIRED WIFE

THE PLAYERS: Rosalind Russell, Brian Aherne, Virginia Bruce, Robert Benchley, John Carroll, Hobart Cavanaugh, Richard Lane, William Davidson, Leonard Carey, Selmer Jackson, William Halligan, George Humbert, Virginia Brissac, Chester Clute. Screen play by Richard Connell and Gladys Lehman from a story by George Beck. Directed by William Seiter. Produced by Universal. Running time, 96 minutes.

YOU have here a stalwart self-centered big-business executive who has so come to depend upon his private secretary in everything he does that he quite overlooks her charm and appeal. In fact, he thinks he's in love with an ambitious blonde model on the trail of his bank roll. Suddenly, as a legal move to protect his business interests, he has to have a wife in whose name he can place temporarily his goods and chattels. The secretary outmaneuvers the blonde, marries her boss—and the real battle for possession is on.

Rosalind Russell is the secretary, Brian Aherne is the exec, Virginia Bruce the acquisitive charmer. It is Miss Russell who lifts the comedy to its ★★★. This young actress has been stepping along. Right now she's your Beverly Hills' chief Hollywood weakness of the moment. Then there's Robert Benchley on hand to almost steal another picture as the executive's bored, tired lawyer. Thanks to Rosalind and Benchley, this is a pleasant comedy, not too cerebral but amusing most of the time.

VITAL STATISTICS: Bob Benchley is a funny Harvard man. Class of '12. Began reviewing plays for Life in 1920. . . . Roz Russell says wives should dress the part. For later-afternoon sympathy, a pale interesting make-up, sans rouge and eye effects. Moderate with the lipstick. For evenings, mystery. Make up for that quiet, far-away look. . . . That kick implanted on Brian by Roz was the sixth try. The other five weren't photogenic. Brian's comments weren't, either. . . . Those two rare platina fox furs worn by Virginia Bruce were valued at $1,500 each. . . .

★ ★½ NO TIME FOR COMEDY

THE PLAYERS: James Stewart, Rosalind Russell, Genevieve Tobin, Charles Ruggles, Allyn Joslyn, Clarence Kolb, Louise Beavers, J. M. Kerrigan, Lawrence Grossmith, Robert Greig, Frank Faylen. Screen play by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein, based on S. N. Behrman's stage comedy. Directed by William Keighley. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 93 minutes.

THIS is Rosalind Russell week in our world of the cinema. Here she steals the remodeled Broadway play, No Time for Comedy.

S. N. Behrman originally wrote a suave slender stage comedy of a playwright who goes in for sleek sophisticated comedies in which his brilliant actress wife stars, until the restless wife of a multimillionaire persuades him he ought to be writing hefty dramas with a message.

Since the Warners cast Jimmy Stewart as the dramatist, they had to write a long preamble in which we see him as a naïve country boy who breaks away from a small town called Redfield to buck Broadway. There he intrigues Linda Page, comedienne, and through her help he triumphs with his gift for social satire.

Although Rosalind Russell gives a slick and sprightly performance of

as Young ★★★★

the star who takes the country bumpkin in hand, the comedy does grow thin. You never quite come to believe in Jimmy Stewart as the dramatist who writes polished, urbane Park Avenue comedy; the spoiled rich wife who "inspired" him is badly done by Genevieve Tobin, who makes her a dull wide-eyed Lorelei.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Boom Town, Foreign Correspondent, Our Town, The Baker's Wife.

★★★½—Rhythm on the River, I Love You Again, They Drive by Night, The Great McGinty, The Mortal Storm, Virginia City, The Fight for Life.

★★★—Lucky Partners, Pastor Hall, The Sea Hawk, The Man I Married, Pride and Prejudice, Andy Hardy Meets Debutante, I Want a Divorce, New Moon, My Love Came Back, Tom Brown's School Days, The Ghost Breakers, Susan and God, All This, and Heaven Too, Brother Orchid, Edison the Man, Waterloo Bridge, Lillian Russell, Torrid Zone, My Favorite Wife, The Doctor Takes a Wife, Those Were the Days, 'Til We Meet Again, A Bill of Divorcement, Dark Command, Saturday's Children, Irene, The Biscuit Eater, It's a Date, Johnny Apollo, Primrose Path, The House of the Seven Gables, Too Many Husbands, Strange Cargo, Dr. Cyclops, Buck Benny Rides Again.

Cary Grant, with Martha Scott, Richard Lyon, and Jane Hedin in The Howards of Virginia.

Hollywood brings back our past in a colorful saga of snuffbox days

★

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

After you've been out with the boys, better have two things on the tip of your tongue: (1) a good excuse, (2) a breath-taking PEP-O-MINT LIFE SAVER.

Tie strings on all five to remind you to try FIVE FLAVORS—orange, lemon, wild cherry, lime, and pineapple, *all in one package!* Yummm!

After you've eaten too much, eat one thing more, a PEP-O-MINT LIFE SAVER. It aids digestion, refreshes your mouth, sweetens your breath.

Everybody's breath offends sometimes after eating, drinking or smoking. Let LIFE SAVERS save yours. 14 delicious mint and fruit flavors. Sold everywhere. 5¢

Lightning in the night

READING TIME • 22 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

BY FRED ALLHOFF

with the advice and counsel of Lieutenant General Robert Lee Bullard, Rear Admiral Yates Stirling, George E. Sokolsky, and many others

Late in August, 1945, after Seattle and other northwestern cities had fallen to the Russian and Japanese invaders, America's east coast was still awaiting Hitler's attack. In some respects the nation was now in better shape for self-defense. The invasion had prompted Congress to sanction the creation of a unified command, and Japanese outrages in occupied Tacoma had aroused the dormant fighting spirit of the whole people.

By Rear Admiral O'Shane's order, Lieutenant Doug Norton and his cameraman Rodgers were flown east to the national capital. There, in one of Rodgers' films of refugees from Seattle, federal agents spotted a German spy named Grubel, known to be an old-time co-worker of the vanished von Holtz, with the result that Grubel was caught and executed.

Peggy O'Liam wrote Doug that she was busy in Baltimore but hoped soon to go home to Illinois. Doug longed for an assignment to Baltimore! Instead, he and Rodgers were sent to New York City. They found Manhattan Island surrounded with barrage balloons, elderly men or young women driving the buses and the few taxis that gasoline could be spared for, Central Park full of trench shelters, and the entire city childless after hurried precautionary evacuations.

That night a siren's shrieks warned of an air raid. Searchlights swept the cloud-layered skies. In from the ocean southward came Hitler's bombers by the hundred. Explosions rocked the downtown tall buildings. Overhead, the defending fighter planes went for the Nazi fighters. From a high window, Norton and Rodgers saw a great yellow flare as gas tanks on the Jersey shore blew up.

Then Rodgers pointed southwestward over Manhattan and shouted, "Doug! Look!"

PART SEVEN—THE BOMBING OF NEW YORK

DOWN out of the layer of clouds had come the first squadron of a wing of 250 huge new Wulf bombers to brave the blinding glare of searchlights and the antiaircraft fire. Leveling off at 9,000 feet, the leading plane, its belly bomb-bay doors open, flew in a straight line toward its bomb-release point.

Norton and Rodgers could actually

Terror strikes from the sky in a startling novel of what pray God will never happen!

A STORY OF THE INVASION OF AMERICA

see the falling bombs as a swinging searchlight caught them in mid-air for an instant. They seemed tiny things, those huge fourteen-foot, two-ton missiles. They let go a moment later with a window-shattering blast that reverberated amid the silhouetted downtown skyscrapers and was audible far uptown.

One by one the great bombers dropped down out of the clouds. At varying altitudes above the balloon barrage and hugging the western rim of Manhattan Island, they flattened out for the forty-five seconds of dangerous straight-line flying necessary to align their sights and drop their eggs. Each plane released its bombs,

They raked fireboats, killing crews who were trying to save the piers.

salvo, just north of the plane that had preceded it. Then, banking sharply, it turned to roar toward the Jersey meadows, and thence toward the open sea and safety.

From the clouds above them, smaller Nazi and American pursuit ships were dropping in flames out of a raging dogfight. Other American pursuit planes fought their way toward open sea, where, without having to hurdle the fire of their own antiaircraft batteries, they might meet and bring down incoming enemy bombers.

From the ground the sleek Wulf bombers were absorbing terrific punishment. The first Nazi plane to be caught in a hell of antiaircraft fire jettisoned its bombs and wheeled desperately to get away. A merciless searchlight pinned it against a backdrop of clouds, and up that shaft of light an antiaircraft battery sent a burst that scored a direct hit, ripping off one wing and spinning the plane crazily into the North River. Another Nazi bomber, struck before it could release its tons of high explosive, blew to flinders in the air with a terrific spurt of flame.

Still they came on, and by now the skies over lower Manhattan were a sullen, shivering red. Methodically, precisely, and with uncanny accuracy, the bombers were blasting and setting ablaze the wooden piers and covered pier sheds along West Street. The great Pennsylvania Railroad terminal for perishables had been struck. Washington Market and West Washington Market were in flames, their tons of foodstuffs ruined.

To the eerie scream of the "whistling" bombs, the roar of their explosions, the deep drone of planes,

and the clatter of antiaircraft fire, was added the whine of fire trucks and the clang of ambulances.

Norton and Rodgers made for the roof. The elevators were not running, but they found the staircase door. On the roof, a gray-haired man —a civilian "spotter" -- pointed southwest.

"Looks like the whole of downtown's afire," he said. "Jersey's getting it, too."

They looked in that direction, across the North River. They were in time to see a sheet of flame leap 2,000 feet into the air. The storage tanks of the Bayonne oil refineries had been struck. Other bombs were bursting in New Jersey, and Norton guessed what their objectives would be: warehouses, sheds, stockyards, and factories, from the Ford plant (now manufacturing warplane engines) near Edgewater to the floating grain elevators beyond the Black Tom flatlands. But primarily the target of the Nazi bombers in New Jersey would be the twelve great trunk lines over which New York's food came in.

THE bombers fought their way toward uptown Manhattan. Waterfront property was burning furiously from as far south as the United Fruit Line piers to the great piers at Fiftieth Street, where, before the war in Europe, the luxury liners Normandie and Queen Mary had docked.

A squadron of German fighting planes swooped down and riddled three barrage balloons, which collapsed, slowly deflated, and fell earthward. But ground crews instantly sent aloft new balloons, and an American fighting squadron fell upon and destroyed the attacking planes.

A Nazi bomber pilot, attempting to sneak between a pair of barrage balloons, was blinded by a searchlight. His left wing struck a balloon's mooring cable and was sheared off. The pilot crashed in his plane.

All that night the raid continued with undiminished fury. Wave after wave of Nazi bombers came over. The Fifth Coast Artillery battery at Fort Hamilton was blasted out after downing an estimated fifty enemy planes.

From the hotel roof Norton and Rodgers watched the assault upon a blacked-out city from whose chimneys rose blankets of smoke and artificial fog. Once a screaming bomb fell so close that instinctively the two dropped on the roof and curled up in the smallest possible space. The bomb missed the hotel, exploded with a roar in the street. And though that explosion was twenty-seven floors below them, they could feel the building tremble.

Uptown, beyond the piers, new fires raged as incendiary bombs plunged through the roofs of brownstone houses in the side streets off Riverside Drive. Striking inland, the bombers chose as targets some of New York's greatest skyscrapers, whose upper floors towered above the smoke. The great RCA Building in Rockefeller Center suffered a direct hit that ripped out its east wall from the seventieth to the sixty-fifth stories. A bomb directed at the Chrysler Building struck, instead, the near-by Chanin Building, ripping off a corner of its fifty-fourth to fifty-second stories.

In Brooklyn the Bay Ridge Terminal, stored with food, was set afire and the tracks of the New York Connecting Railway were twisted and uprooted by bomb hits that knocked out the New York, New Haven and Hartford service linking the city with New England. Directly across the upper bay, the Greenville railroad yards in New Jersey—main artery by which Manhattan received freight from the West—were demolished.

Brooklyn's army piers and the Navy Yard suffered bomb hits.

Before dawn, roaming bombers had demolished the huge Sunnyside yard of the Pennsylvania Railroad in Queens, had severed three of the five bridges across the East River, and had put out of operation the Point Morris and Hell Gate electric plants.

Low-flying Nazi mine layers, operating outside Manhattan's balloon barrage, had skimmed up the East and North Rivers during the night, sowing scattered fields of floating mines. On their return flight, close to the New York shore, they had raked fireboats with machine-gun fire, killing crew members who were trying to save the burning piers.

IT had been around dawn when Nazi bombers, flying beyond range of ear or eye, had come over New York City to release tens of thousands of tiny parachutes which floated down to alight on roofs and window ledges and in streets, and in buildings already bombed. Not until later were Norton and Rodgers to learn their significance.

At seven o'clock of the sultry morning of August 27 a siren sounded the "all clear" signal. New Yorkers, shaky from a sleepless night, came out into the streets to inspect the damage done. It had been strategic rather than intensive. Subways had stalled, surface lines had stopped running. Thousands of persons had spent a night of terror in subway tubes, some of which ran fairly close to the surface.

Morning found the city without power or gas, its transportation disrupted, its population virtually isolated. Faced with an immediate shortage of food, the army had taken control of every restaurant in New York. Army planes with loud-speakers flew over Manhattan advising people that it had been necessary for the moment to ration food; that they should apply to the restaurants nearest their homes for individual allowances.

Other warnings were issued: Since electrical refrigeration had broken down, civilians were cautioned against tainted meat; since water mains had been smashed, all water must be boiled before drinking; and the utmost conservation of any available water was ordered.

Rodgers and Norton had gone down to their room from the hotel roof when the "all clear" signal had sounded. They found the telephone dead. No water came from the faucets in the bathroom.

"No shave this morning," said Rodgers.

Norton shrugged.

Secretly each man wondered whether the hotel's high-pressure pump had failed or whether the lack of water was caused by something far more serious.

They walked down the many flights of stairs to the street level. There was a long line of hotel guests waiting to enter the coffee shop. They took their places in the line. Breakfast—in a dining room presided over by a watchful army sergeant—was skimpy: one slice of toast, one egg, fruit juice, and one cup of tea or synthetic coffee.

A waiter dropped a knife upon the tiled floor. A woman at the table next to theirs half rose from her chair, screamed. Civilian nerves were on edge. But if the merciless bombardment had made New Yorkers jumpy, it had also served to bring them closer together than they had ever been in their hurried peacetime lives. Men and women in the line were exchanging experiences of the night before in easy conversations with perfect strangers. Potbellied business men who had been digging trench shelters were inordinately proud of their newly calloused or blistered hands, as steel-helmeted members of Home Defense units were of their arm bands. Elderly men and women who came patiently to take their places at the foot of the waiting line were promptly smuggled up near its head — and no one complained. Jock Rodgers grinned, said to Norton:

"There's nothing like an air raid to bring people together."

AND it was true. In days long past these same people would have squabbled among themselves over defense measures and policies. Their seeming disunity had incurred only the contempt of the "virile" dictatorships. One night of bombs—of bombs that blasted rich and poor alike—had united them in the cause of democratic freedom.

They were nervous and shaken, true. Unshaven men were hollow-eyed, women pale. But there was about them a new dignity. They had not asked for this war, but now that it had come they were bearing it uncomplainingly. Norton, as he watched them, felt a surge of pride. Since they had never known the grim fanaticism of Hitlerian regimentation, they accepted whatever was in store for them with confidence and easy good will. A man sitting at a near-by table told his companion:

"The more damn noise they make,

the better I'll like it! Then I'll know our own antiaircraft guns are in there banging away!"

Norton and Rodgers set out for a walk about the Times Square section. Along Broadway were great queues of people lined up awaiting their turns to enter restaurants. Before the Paramount Theater, where Jimmy Durante was making a personal appearance, a huge crater had been blasted in the street by high-explosive bombs. A crew of the Disaster Control Board's 100,000 emergency workers had roped off the gaping hole, from which a cloud of live hot steam issued. New Yorkers, natural-born "sidewalk superintendents," had lost none of their insatiable curiosity. They were crowded three deep about the gully in which workmen struggled with shredded wires, pipes, mains.

THE two turned west on Fiftieth Street and headed toward the still smoldering docks along the North River. They were opposite a citizens' food line when sirens overhead shrilled warnings of a new raid. Part of the line broke to seek shelter; part of it stubbornly remained huddled against building walls. Norton saw a man look aloft and thumb his nose. Ten squadrons of bombers, trailed by their higher-flying fighter escort, came over in open V formation. American fighter planes were seeking to get above them.

Rodgers halted in midstreet a moment to aim his camera above. Then, at the wail of a "scream" bomb, he ran with Norton for shelter in the doorway of Polyclinic Hospital.

The bomb exploded in the street, close to the line of waiting people.

A man in a surgeon's apron said to half a dozen men standing by with stretchers, "When you get the 'all clear,' go out and get 'em, boys." To Norton he said, "Got a cigarette?"

He proved to be a military surgeon. Norton noticed that his hands trembled.

"Operating all night?"

"Yes. By candlelight."

"Casualties very heavy?"

"Heavy enough. Our people are pretty reckless. Lot of them stay outside to watch the raids and get hit by pieces of our own shells."

"How's civilian morale?" Norton inquired.

"Incredibly good. Half of those we have to operate on are proud of their wounds. Makes 'em feel they're taking part in the war. And the place is cluttered up with would-be blood donors. We've got plenty of blood banks—don't need them. But we can't very well turn them down. They're so pathetically eager to do something—especially for the other fellow who is worse off than they are. I guess that's as good a brand of democracy as we'll need to see us through this hellish war."

The air raid had moved farther uptown. Occasionally the dull boom of a bomb burst came to them. The surgeon said:

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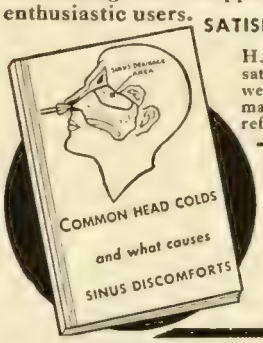

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"You saw the parachutes come down last night? They're giving us a headache. Brought down delayed-action bombs—explosive, incendiary, and some gas, chiefly mustard and Lewisite. They go off unexpectedly. The firemen and mop-up squads have been getting it. That isn't our most serious problem, though."

"What is?"

"Water. We had sense enough, thank God, when the alarm sounded last night, to fill every bathtub and washbasin in the hospital. We can still sponge off the burn victims—but what are we going to do for them when the water's all gone?

"I don't know whether you know it or not, but New York City is without water. The Germans are trying to stampede seven million people into panic. Day before yesterday I'd have said it might be done. Not any more! In the next two days people are going to be dropping like flies. But they're not going to stampede! Raids won't split us apart, they'll drive us together."

"Where," Norton asked, "did they hit the water supply?"

"At its source. They bombed our water systems last night, knocking out reservoirs from Kensico to the Schoharie Reservoir. They even got to our new Delaware System, just completed this year. They'll be around now after the few bridges and tunnels we have left, and then they'll have us both isolated and thirsty. How we're going to evacuate our people I don't know, but it'll have to be done—somehow."

THE clang of an ambulance came near. The surgeon turned to the groups of stretcher-bearers. "Want to try it now?" he asked.

They went out into the street, and Norton and Rodgers followed. Near the great crater where the bomb had exploded there was little aid to be given. Farther up the street, where concussion and bomb fragments had worked their havoc, were men and women. Some were prone and quiet, others sitting dazedly on the curb. A few, uninjured, were trying to help those that had been hit.

The first man they came to had suffered a jagged abdominal wound. Before he was lifted to a stretcher the surgeon, with a piece of charcoal, inscribed an H on his forehead.

"Hemorrhage," he explained tersely.

They came to a man sitting on the curb, his head between his hands. The surgeon, leaning down, asked:

"Were you hit?"

The man looked blankly ahead of him. The surgeon straightened. "Concussion," he said. "Split his eardrums. That bomb was the last earthly thing he heard. Probably shell-shocked, too. God, I hate shell shock!"

At the curb, near a wrecked building, they heard some one whimper. Norton looked up to see a pretty girl of twenty, her features frozen, her eyes staring out into the street. A wounded man lay at her feet. She looked down at him without expression, stepped carefully over him. In the street she stooped near a pile of debris, picked up an injured kitten. She cradled it in her arms, sat down in the street, and began to cry. Norton looked at the surgeon.

"A few of them get *that* way, too," he said. "Something snaps—and human life doesn't mean a thing to them. They only feel sorry for animals."

An attendant led her, weeping, into the hospital. The surgeon called after him, "Don't try to take that kitten away from her just yet."

He turned to Norton. "That's the worst they can do to us—and only a few of us. Smash our minds." He waved a hand toward the wrecked building, the debris- and corpse-cluttered street. "This," he said with savage intensity, "is nothing. They can't smash our spirit. Let 'em try! They say we're soft. We've looked soft, we Americans, because we've taken our freedom for granted. We've juggled it and abused it. But no one in the history of our country has ever quite succeeded in taking it away from us. And they won't now!"

The surgeon grinned.

"Give me another cigarette," he said, "and I'll shut up. But this damned dirty bloody business gets me this way, I guess. You can't hear some poor guy that's been hit by a shell say, 'Look, doc, tend to some of the others first. I'm all right'—when actually he's dying and knows it—without realizing that this country has what it takes! Well, thanks for the smokes—and good luck, lieutenant."

Norton returned to the hotel with Rodgers, and in the crowded lobby a soft voice behind him said:

"Doug!"

He whirled incredulously—and there was Peggy O'Liam. Oblivious to those about them, he swept her into his arms and kissed her.

Gruff Admiral O'Shane was with her. "You and Rodgers," he said, "are to leave here at once for Washington. I flew up here to bring you both back. Miss O'Liam insisted upon coming along."

Peggy whispered, "Oh, I did so want to see you, Doug!"

"I never want you out of my sight again," he told her.

They left the city between air raids. A car took them to the shore of the Hudson, where a motor launch was waiting. They were in midstream when Nazi planes swooped down on the city for the fourth time that day. The planes, their formation broken up by a terrific barrage of antiaircraft fire, dispersed and were turning back when one escort plane sighted the launch threading its way through a field of floating mines and came roaring down. Norton could see the machine guns protruding from its nose and wings.

He thought, This is it!

SUDDENLY a burst of antiaircraft fire ripped across the sky. It tore away part of the German plane's tail assemblage. The plane rocketed upward in a crazy zoom, power-stalled, and came whirling down in a tail spin to hit the water and sink.

"We seem to be learning how to fight their kind of war," O'Shane grunted dryly.

A car on the New Jersey side of the river took them to Newark Airport. O'Shane tactfully took a seat beside Jock Rodgers in the transport plane they boarded. Norton and Peggy found seats together. She told him she had been spending her time in Baltimore, was to leave the plane there.

"But why?" he demanded. "It's not safe. Why don't you go home to Illinois?"

"I can't just yet," she said. "Baron von Holtz is somewhere in Baltimore, and Admiral O'Shane has asked me to help them find him."

"How do they know he's in Baltimore?"

"A Naval Intelligence agent located him there."

"And was killed?" Norton said.

Peggy nodded.

"Darling, it isn't fair!" he protested. "The man's dangerous. Suppose you do find him. What will happen? I'm going to ask O'Shane to let me go to Baltimore."

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 24

1—Henry L. Stimson, Secretary of War, was also Secretary of War under Taft.

2—They are real, but are produced artificially by the placing of irritants in the oyster.

3—For aid to horses and dogs; organized by the British in 1912.

4—One of the names of the Hindu god Vishnu. Legend has it that when his image was carried to the temple, many followers hurled themselves before his train and were crushed to death. From this came the idea that a juggernaut stops for nothing.

5—Because your pen is liable to leak, due to changes in air pressure.

6—The sum of any two numbers equals the next number in the series.

7—A termite queen is often 1,000 times larger than the king.

8—A perfect circle.

9—Treasure-trove is money, gold, or silver found buried in the ground or otherwise hidden and with no apparent rightful owner. In the United States, treasure-trove may be kept by the finder.

10—Yes.

11—No. Ten dollars is the limit to which dimes may be used as legal tender in the United States.

12—Charles II of England is said to have been so pleased with a prime joint of beef that he knighted it "Sir Loin"—sirloin. Scholars, however, doubt this story of the word's origin.

13—A special English tribunal. Established in the fifteenth century, it conducted its hearings in secretive and arbitrary fashion, often torturing defendants to obtain confessions. In modern parlance, it refers to a secret session from which the public is excluded.

14—Pierre Laval.

15—The State of Franklin was the name of Tennessee from 1784 to 1788, when it became a part of North Carolina. It became a separate state later.

16—Bringing into the United States or transporting over state lines motion pictures of prize fights.

17—Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

18—It is the legend found on the Liberty Bell, a quotation from Leviticus, 25.10.

19—The aurora australis is the southern lights, similar in effect to northern lights, seen in the skies over the antarctic regions as far north as Australia and New Zealand.

20—Lewis. When Candidate Willkie entered the army, an official got his first two names transposed, so he was listed as Wendell L. Willkie. As he never liked the Lewis anyway, he has kept the new name ever since.

She tugged at his sleeve. "No, Doug. I have my work to do. Let me do it. Then—I promise you—I'll go home."

It seemed no time at all before their plane settled down on a runway at Baltimore's Logan Field. He saw her off the plane, kissed her again. She waved to him as the plane took off for Washington — and he wondered, sitting alone, whether a day might ever come when he and she would have no need for good-bys.

Into Washington, during the next few days, drifted news from New York. The great city was being raided almost incessantly now. While the German aerial armadas were suffering terrific losses, they were likewise inflicting horrible damage.

The water shortage had created a ghastly situation. By the second day, civilians standing thirstily in line to receive their water rations refused to break up their lines when Nazi planes came over. Some of those who did run for shelter dropped exhausted. Those who remained were often struck by bombs. Casualty figures began to skyrocket.

Between raids, efforts were made to evacuate some of New York's millions. It was difficult and dangerous work. Civilian owners of small motorcraft—members of the United States Power Squadron—volunteered to clear the East and North Rivers of floating mines dropped there by Nazi planes. They succeeded, but only at a heavy cost due to the mines and to raiding Nazi dive bombers.

Most of New York harbor's shipping had gone up in flames; but at night, between raids, lighters, tug-drawn barges, and such ferryboats as had not been destroyed in their slips worked with the privately owned fleet. All bridges over both rivers had now been destroyed.

Staten Island's pumping stations, too, had been wrecked, and the water famine in all of Greater New York became a hideous problem. Cholera broke out on the lower West Side.

Small boats braved the bombs and machine guns to lay a water line across the North River from New Jersey—itself feeling the pinch of bombed pumping stations. But this proved to be but a slight alleviation of the suffering.

NOT until the third day of New York's siege had ended did America—by bringing nearly every plane she could spare from strategic spots elsewhere along the coast and from far inland—gain mastery of the air over New York. The incessant Nazi raids tapered off.

But they had brought death and destruction to the proudest city in America—even though they had not crumpled its morale. And they had pulled America's defenses together and left exposed other possible objectives.

Now Hitler could strike!

It seemed obvious, since docks, railroads, and bridges had been destroyed, that he contemplated no invasion of New York itself. The best guesses seemed to be that he would attempt one or both of two things: To establish beach heads along the flat New Jersey shore line. Or, sending his fleet and troops down the St. Lawrence, to invade America by her "back door." It was a time-honored, obvious invasion route. In the 1940 army maneuvers, imaginary battles against just such an invasion had been fought in the Plattsburg area.

In either move he would be unopposed by sea, for America's Atlantic Squadron, hopelessly outnumbered, could not challenge his navy and was, at the moment, keeping its distance.

To invade America by way of the St. Lawrence, Hitler would have to leave his left flank unprotected. His ships, in the narrowing river, would be easy targets for the shore-based artillery.

Yet these two—New Jersey and the St. Lawrence—seemed the only possible routes.

HITLER made neither of the expected attempts. On the night of August 29, 1945, he struck—boldly, surely—in a frontal assault upon Baltimore. Such an assault had been held suicidal, for the defenses of Chesapeake Bay had been built up to a point considered impregnable. Yet in a brief few hours, by a treacherous ruse, those great coastal guns had been rendered impotent.

Baltimore fell that night. And in Washington Doug Norton thought of Peggy O'Liam and sat sleeplessly before a radio awaiting reports. They were few.

Late the next afternoon films of the evacuation of Baltimore were shown to a group of members of Naval and Military Intelligence and the F. B. I. Rodgers and Norton were there. All present were asked to watch the film carefully for any spies who might have joined the stream of refugees. At a sequence which showed a black-robed priest apparently comforting a tired mother who carried a wounded child in her arms, several voices shouted:

"Hold it!"

Norton was one of those to shout. He had recognized the face of the "priest," though it wore no monocle.

It was the face of von Holtz. And then suddenly Norton felt an impact of emotion like a blow in the pit of the stomach. In his absorption, he had missed another face in the film's background, several rows deep, behind Baron von Holtz in the plodding procession of refugees. A wan and tired and very dear face.

The face of Peggy O'Liam.

By what treachery had Hitler disarmed the new forts guarding Chesapeake Bay? With Baltimore lost to him, could Washington be defended? Where were America's land forces to give battle to his Panzer divisions? And . . . where, by this time, was Peggy O'Liam, trapped among the refugees? See for yourself! Read Lightning in the Night next week!

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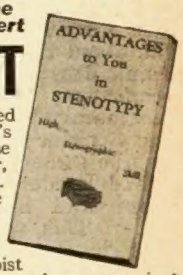

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How Groucho Marx Beat the Social Game

FULTON OURSLER

IN TIMES LIKE these we have a tragic need to laugh. It is hard to laugh when our hearts are heavy and filled with sorrow and dread. Yet, if we are to carry on, it will be only because we are men and not merely animals, and man is distinguished above all other animals by having a sense of humor.

I believe this quality is a part of the divine. I could begin this week by telling you of many of the serious features you will find in Liberty next week, but instead I urge you to look first for a hearty laugh with that antic of the stage and screen, Groucho Marx. He will tell you how he beat the social game; and gloomy though the world horizon may be, you will begin by chuckling and end by laughing.

You will find Donald Duck on the cover, and he will be laughing too, for he is on the way to the Automobile Show; and you will find what the automobile industry is doing in our new civilization in 40,000,000 Magic Carpets, by Frederick L. Collins. There are two fine short stories: Kid Brother, by John Randolph Phillips; and another, Senor Grogan Saves the Day, by Robert Carson. As for more serious things, John W. Vandercook, author of Black Majesty and once an editorial associate of ours in a very happy relationship, will tell you about the naval bases in the Caribbean. Jerry Lewis has a swell piece about Umpires, and there will be vital "companion" pieces by Harold L. Ickes and Senator Styles Bridges. There will also be some reminiscences by your old friend Frederick L. Collins about Mussolini and his adventures with the ladies. This, with generous installments of Eric Hatch's popular serial, Unexpected Uncle, and Lightning in the Night, by Fred Allhoff, and another of the confessions of an economic royalist, What Am I Living For? by George Sokolsky, make up a rounded issue combining the light-hearted and the serious.

BEGINNING AUTHORS GET queer ideas. Take W. H. Bradley of Wadsworth, Nevada, as an example. He says: "For a number of years I have been submitting my work for your approval, but each manuscript was politely rejected. I have endeavored to ascertain the reason why. It has been suggested to me that the chief cause is the fact that I am a resident of a desert state with a very small population. It has been pointed out that none of the slick-paper magazines have ever published the work of a Nevada writer, and not one contest prize worth mentioning has ever been awarded to a resident of this state." Sorry, Mr. Bradley, but the place of residence of an author has nothing to do with his success, except that he might win success by interpreting his native region to the rest of America in the way that Joseph C. Lincoln has made his fellow countrymen acquainted with Cape Cod. Actually, editors are interested in finding good manuscripts. That is the hardest lesson for beginning authors to learn. Editors don't care whether the author of a story lives in Nevada or the South Pole, whether he is a college graduate like Frederick Collins or a hobo like Jim Tully, whether he is a Republican like George Sokolsky, a Democrat like Eddie Doherty, a Socialist like Upton Sinclair, or a Communist like Leon Trotsky. It all depends on the manuscript. It doesn't matter whether the author is known personally to the editor or not. At least 50 per cent of the authors whose work appears in Liberty have never met a member of our staff. It doesn't matter if the author is married or single, homely as a gargoyle or lovely as Myrna Loy. Nothing matters except the manuscript. As for Nevada, we have had some excellent manuscripts from that wonderful state. One of our favorite contributors is a resident of Nevada, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. We have awarded many prizes to Nevada contestants, including in Reno alone: Peg Coolidge, Mrs. F. H. Norcross, Mrs. Roy Neff, Mrs. Mary M. Balloom, Elsie A. Brem, among others.

In conclusion, Mr. Bradley, I adjure you, if you want to succeed as a writer, to look for obstacles in the only place you are going to find them, which is in yourself. Editors need stories. The public wants to read them. The movies want to screen them. The radios want to air them. If they don't buy yours, be man enough to know that the majority vote is against you, which means that your stories are not yet good enough. Don't blame the place where you were born or anything else but yourself.

SALMAGUNDI: From Florida comes another yowl against the WPA, of which we get hundreds every week. I will confess that this one was rather shocking to me. It came from a worker attached to a WPA project and enclosed a questionnaire. This questionnaire reads as follows: "Under present WPA regulations certified relief clients are required to show evidence of good faith by listing for immediate sale with a reputable real-estate broker property owned by any member of the family group which is non-income-producing." In other words, the government is facing in both directions. On the one hand, it lends money and guarantees mortgages in order to keep America a place of happy homes. On the other hand, it insists that the property owned by persons in distress and at its mercy be put up "for immediate sale," which of course means a distress sale. Historians of the future will have a good time reporting the comic contradictions of this era of governmental confusion. It reminds me of the general in the children's fairy tale who jumped upon his horse and galloped off in all directions.

The Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company sends a booklet of verse, tribute to the American way of life as presented on Musical Americana, one of the great radio programs of our day. As tributes they are fine indeed and I wish there were space to reprint some of them here. This is a good work that should find an ever-increasing audience.

E. B. Clark of Weldon, North Carolina, sends us a most remarkable calendar which he has devised and copyrighted. It literally is a calendar covering two hundred and fifty years—from 1753 to 2002 A. D. By two childishly simple operations, the inquirer can find out the day of the week on which any date has fallen, from the time our present calendar was adopted to the present day.

From Arthur W. Bell, writing at his lovely and sequestered place called the Belfry, comes a little piece called BLITZKRIEG:

War, motorized with planes and tanks,
The Scriptural Last Day outranks;
And Nazi ruthless raids eclypse
A Four Horsepower Apocalypse.

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER 12, 1940

EDITORIAL

The New Deal Has Scuttled the Democratic Ship — Bernarr Macfadden 4

SHORT STORIES

The Little Striped Shawl — Evelyn Cornish 15

Men Against the River — William Edward Hayes 21

A Financier--Liberty's True Short Short ..... Achmed Abdullah 28

The Cards that Played Themselves — Sidney S. Lenz 33

SERIALS

Unexpected Uncle—Part IV — Eric Hatch 37

Lightning in the Night—Part VII — Fred Allhoff 56

ARTICLES

The Fire Department Presents a Bill ..... Edward Doherty 11

When Pacifists Are Traitors — Rupert Hughes 12

Coming Plays of the Prizewinners — George Jean Nathan 29

Off the Networks.. Frederick Lewis 31

How Will the Negroes Vote? — Walter White 35

The Rookies that Bloomed in the Spring ..... "Yankee Stade" 45

What Am I Living For? Part II — An Economic Royalist as told to George E. Sokolsky 47

How the Gestapo Works — René Kraus 51

FEATURES

Vox Pop, 6; Twenty Questions, 24; To the Ladies by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, 27; Crossword Puzzle, 44; $2,500 Patriotic United States Constitution Quiz Contest, 53; Movie Reviews by Beverly Hills, 54.

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